

# THE TIMES.



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GREENSBORO, N. C., for the Week Ending October 22, 1859.

{ Whole No. 195

## Lonely.

BY MARY W. JANVIN.

A weary way, beset with storms,  
Wherein my footsteps stray!  
With gloom above, and wilds beneath—  
Alas! a weary way!

No star, wild-beaming, lights my gloom—  
No soft winds gently blow,  
Fanning the cheek where fever-heats,  
And hectic flushes glow.

My feet grow faltering, way-worn, sore,—  
I sink with weariness!  
The path grows drearier than before.  
Yet onward must I press!

My Fate pursues me close behind—  
Fate pitiless, and stern!  
It will not let me falter down—  
I dare not backward turn!

And yet I know Love's passion-flowers  
Bloom close the path beside;  
Its mountain streams come gushing down,  
White foam-bells on the tide.

But 'tis not mine the flowers to pluck,—  
To quaff the cooling stream;  
Love's blossoms wither 'neath my touch,—  
Its waters poisoned seem.

There is no one to bear me up,—  
To help me conquer Fate;  
To make my way less wearisome,  
My life less desolate.

No tender eye to cheer me on—  
No clasping hand in mine—  
No kiss to seal my quivering lips—  
No heart to make my shrine.

Only, alone, to gain you height—  
Only, to win a name;  
O, chill and desolate pathway there!  
O, cold and hollow fame!

A lonely wanderer o'er the world!  
With way-worn feet, I stray;  
With clouds above, and wilds below—  
Alas, a weary way!

## CASHMERE SHAWLS—THEIR MANUFACTURE, &c.

Dr. J. B. Davis, of Columbia, S. C., while employed, a few years since, by the Turkish government, in experimenting on the growth of cotton in the Ottoman empire, succeeded in securing eleven pure breed Thibet goats, which he brought to his native State, from whence the goat has been brought into Tennessee, where it is said to thrive. In 1857 the wool raised in Tennessee brought \$8 50 per lb., the purchasers in New York proposing to send it to Scotland, to have it manufactured there into shawls.

The manufacture of cashmere goods may in a few years become an item of considerable interest in the industry of the United States, and we present the readers of THE TIMES a chapter on the subject, with two accurate cuts of the Thibet goat.

Cashmere, the kingdom from which the wool obtains its name, is situated in the north-west part of Hindostan, almost enclosed by ranges of the Himalayas, which separate it from Thibet, the nativity of the goats. The climate is salubrious, the thermometer 80° to 85° at noon in the shade. The winter is sometimes severely cold for the latitude, and snow falls abundantly. The inhabitants appear to be of Hindoo origin. At the beginning of the present century the population of the valley was 800,000, which has been reduced by pestilence, famine and earthquakes to 200,000. In 1828 an earthquake destroyed 1,200 persons; two months later the cholera carried off 100,000 in forty days; and in 1833 famine and pestilence committed still more frightful ravages. The chief town is Cashmere, the capital, and the principal manufacture is the celebrated Cashmere shawls, a textile fabric made of the finest wool of the Thibet goat.

This animal is characterized by long, silky, straight, white hair, large ears, horns not spirally twisted, and limbs slender and cleanly formed. The wool had long been used by the natives of Cashmere in producing the elegant shawls with which the name of their

kingdom was associated, before these became known in western Europe. It was not, indeed, until the campaign of the French in Egypt, when the general-in-chief of the army sent one to Paris, that the French public had an opportunity of admiring the wonderful delicacy of the fabric, the softness of the material, the harmony of colors, novelty of the work, and strangeness of the design. Its arrival is said to have created an immense sensation, and measures were immediately set on foot to introduce the manufacture into France. In Cashmere the wool is received from Thibet and Tartary, and, after being bleached, is spun and dyed of various colors. The weavers, employed by the merchants at the rate of from one to four pice (nearly three to twelve cents) a day, receive the yarns, and in their shops, or at looms in their own houses, proceed to weave them after the patterns ordered. Each loom

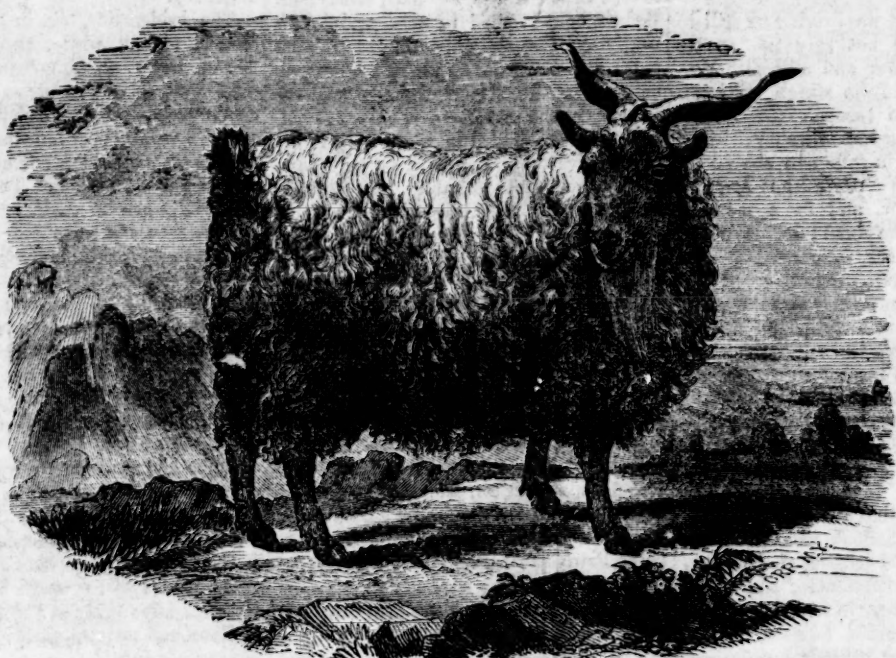
yarn of the wool being worked upon the warp with its separate wooden needle; and, as the work goes on exceedingly slowly, it is customary to divide it among several looms, and then join the pieces together. This is so skillfully done that the seams are not detected. As the pattern is worked, the right side is the under one upon the frame, and is not seen by those who work it upon the upper or rough side. The shawls are made single and in pairs, either square or long. The former measure from sixty-three to seventy-two inches on a side, the latter one hundred and twenty six inches by fifty-four. To work a single shawl without a seam, and of the finest thread in the warp as well as the wool, in the most elaborate pattern and exquisite colors, would require the labor of about three years; and as in this time the colors are likely to change, and the fabric to receive injury from worms or otherwise, such shawls are

of a comparatively hardy constitution. They were placed by M. Ternaux at his villa of Saint Ouen, near Paris, where they gradually increased in numbers, so that four were afterward obtained by Mr. Taylor, of Essex in England; and from these in 1833 the number had increased to fifty. The down they furnished proved, however, to be too little in quantity to be of value; but by crossing the breed with the Angora goat, the downy product was largely increased, and it proved, moreover, to be of a long, silky quality, admirably adapted for shawls. With the wool obtained from these goats and that imported from Thibet through Kusan, capital of a Russian province on the Volga, the French maintain the extensive manufactures they have established of shawls made principally of this material. To imitate the genuine cashmere successfully greatly taxed the skill of their manufacturers; and though in

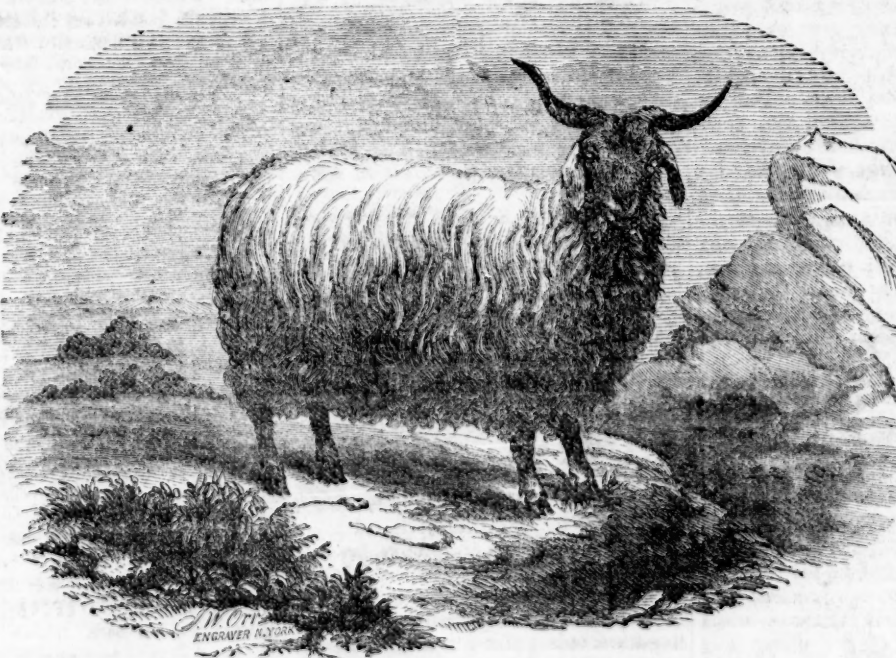
alike on both sides. This the French have also done in their imitations of real cashmere. But the principal articles of this sort they manufacture are the so-called French cashmere shawls, in which the two sides are not alike; but on one side they have the exact appearance of cashmere. They are made in Paris by the use of the draw-loom, or, which is better, of the jacquard, with as many shuttles as colors in the design. These are thrown across the warp as required; but being most of them brought into play only at intervals, the threads remain floating loose on the back, and are at last trimmed off. Their felting property prevents their coming out, but the ends continue visible on the wrong side. The process saves labor but wastes material; the waste is, however, worked up in other fabrics. In the Paris-made articles the warp and weft are both of pure cashmere down. The shawls are mostly square, of from seventy-six to seventy-six and three-fourths inches on a side, and of the value of 220 to 600 francs. They have seldom less than eight colors, commonly ten or eleven, and sometimes fourteen and fifteen. The long shawls in pure cashmere ought to measure from fifty-nine to sixty-three inches in breadth, and from one hundred and forty-one and three-fourths to one hundred and forty-nine and a half inches in length. Their price is from 300 to 700 francs. But there are also two varieties made at Paris, which differ somewhat from the above. One, called the Hindoo cashmere, has the warp in silk, and the rest is pure cashmere down. One or two colors less are employed, which reduces the price to 180, and from this to 120 francs. The other is called the Hindoo wool shawl. In this the warp is also silk, and the rest is of wool more or less fine in quality. This article is much more largely required than the others. The value of its annual production is reckoned to be from twelve to fifteen millions of francs. Lyons leaves to Paris the manufacture of the pure cashmere goods, but successfully competes in the production of the pure wool Hindoo article. The wool employed rivals in softness and fineness that of the Cashmere goat. But the most important of the fabrics of Lyons is the so-called Thibet shawl, made of a mixture of wool and floss silk. In the manufacture of these and other varieties of shawls it is estimated that there are in Lyons 4,000 looms, each of which when in operation requires the attention of three persons. Nimes and Rheims have also each a factory which produce similar articles at great economy and at lower prices than those of Lyons and Paris. This important branch of industry is altogether the direct result of the efforts made to imitate the Cashmere shawls, first known in Paris during the present century.

The following anecdote of Sidney Smith conveys a hint which many young men might take:

Sidney Smith was complaining of a young gentleman who, although many years his junior, was in the habit of addressing him by his christian name, a privilege which as Sidney Smith remarked, he only allowed his most intimate friends. Shortly after, the gentleman in question entered the room and familiarly addressing Smith as "Sidney," inquired how he thought of passing the day. "For my part," he added, "the Archbishop of Canterbury (the then Dr. Howley) has often invited me to pay him a visit to Adington Park. I think I shall drive down and return in the cool of the evening." "Ah," returned Smith, "then let me give you a word of advice; I know something of the Archbishop; he is a very excellent man, but rather proud; don't call him 'William' he might not like it."



THIBET GOAT—MALE.



THIBET GOAT—FEMALE.

is estimated to make an average yearly production of five shawls; but a single one of the finest shawls sometimes occupies the work of a whole shop, keeping two to four persons constantly engaged about it for an entire year. The total number of looms in Cashmere, it is believed, is about 16,000. The shawls they produce are the great article of export of the country. They are sent to various parts of Asia, and in India they were first made known to the English. The process of weaving the shawls with variegated figures is conducted without the shuttle, each colored

rarely attempted. The fine shawls are more usually made upon twelve different looms for a pair, and when completed at the expiration of six or seven months, are worth in Cashmere from 1,200 to 2,000 rupees, or from about \$500 to \$800. The most expensive shawls sold in London or Paris are stated to have brought about \$2,000. In the year 1819, M. Jaubert, under the auspices of the French government and at the expense of M. Ternaux, succeeded in bringing some of the goats to France. These were a cross between the original Thibet and a Tartar variety, and were

Paris shawls have been produced like those imported, it is found more profitable to limit the manufacture to somewhat similar but more easily woven fabrics. The real cashmere is made by a very complicated process, which requires not only as many yarns in the weft as there are colors in the pattern, but also as many little shuttles or pirns (like those used in embroidery) filled with these yarns, as there are to be colors repeated in the breadth of the piece. By the skillful use of these the figures, however complicated with variety of colors, are repeated precisely



### The Consecration of Four Protestant Episcopal Bishops.

The Richmond (Va.) papers contain full accounts of the interesting ceremonies there on Thursday, attendant upon the consecration of the Bishops of New Jersey, Texas and Minnesota, and the Assistant Bishop of Ohio. Three churches were used for the occasion, and each was filled to repletion with spectators, at an early hour. St. Paul's church seems, however, to have been the great point of attraction, and so immense was the attendance that large numbers were unable to secure standing room. The Dispatch says:

At 10 o'clock the officiating Bishops and assisting clergymen, clad in Episcopal robes, entered from the vestry: the Bishops took chairs within the chancel, and the clergymen occupied seats in front. The two Bishops elect who were there to be consecrated—Rev. W. H. Odenheimer, D. D., of New Jersey, and Rev. G. T. Bedell, D. D., of Ohio—clad in the Rochet, (a white garment resembling the surplice,) were seated some distance apart, in front.

Morning prayers were then read, in the course of which an appropriate Psalm was sung to the tune of "Old Hundred," the vast congregation joining. The effect of this music was truly sublime, and every one seemed to feel its influence.

After the service, the Rt. Rev. Alfred Lee, D. D., Bishop of Delaware, preached an excellent sermon from Revelations, 21st chap. 23d v.:—"The Lamb is the light thereof." Towards the close of his sermon, he alluded in eloquent terms to the holy character of the ceremonies about to be performed—to the unusual increase in the number of Bishops—and to the feeling which at that moment pervaded the entire land, finding utterance in prayers on behalf of those holy men who had been selected to perform the work and ministry of Bishops. In conclusion, the reverend speaker delivered a brief address to the Bishops elect, after which the consecration ceremonies commenced.

The form of consecration contained in the Book of Common Prayer is doubtless familiar to many of our readers, and we do not propose to notice it in detail here. It is very solemn and imposing, and on this occasion was rendered universally so by the presence of a large number of the fathers of the church. The Bishops elect were presented to the Presiding Bishop (Rt. Rev. Wm. Meade, of Virginia,) by Bishops Whittingham, of Md., A. Potter, of Pa.; Eastburn, of Mass., and H. Potter, of N. Y. The Presiding Bishop then demanded the testimonials of the persons presented for consecration, and they were read. After prayers and the litany, the usual examination "in certain articles" was conducted by Bishop Meade. This having been concluded, the bishops elect were robed in the full Episcopal habit, in which they were assisted by Revs. R. B. Croes and W. C. Doane, of N. J.; Rev. C. M. Butler, of Md., and Rev. R. B. Claxon, of Ohio. *Veni Creator Spiritus* was then said by the Presiding Bishop and others present, and prayer was offered in behalf of the elected bishops. The imposition of hands by Bishops Meade, Lee, Melville, McCoskey, Upfold, Johns, Payne, Chase, Rutledge, Hawks, Williams, and others, was an exceedingly solemn ceremony. Bibles were presented to the newly consecrated bishops, the communion was administered, and the congregation was dismissed with the benediction.

Rev. Alexander Gregg, Bishop of Texas, was consecrated in the Monumental Church—Rt. Rev. B. B. Smith, of the Diocese of Kentucky, presiding. The sermon was preached by the Rt. Rev. J. H. Hopkins, Bishop of Vermont. Bishops Oley, Polk, Green and Atkinson also assisted in the consecration, and the attending presbyters were Rev. B. Easton, of Texas, and Rev. C. Wallace of S. C.

Rev. Henry B. Whipple, D. D., Bishop of Minnesota, was consecrated in St. James' Church—Rt. Rev. J. Kemper, Bishop of Wisconsin, presiding. The sermon was preached by Rt. Rev. G. Burgess, Bishop of the Diocese of Maine.—Bishops Cobbe, Scott, H. W. Lee, Clark, Bowman, DeLancey and Whitehouse assisted. Rev. W. L. Wilson, D. D., of Western New York, and Rev. A. B. Patterson, D. D., of Minnesota, were the attending presbyters. Large congregations were present at the Monumental and St. James', and the ceremonies were viewed with deep interest.

VISIT OF DR. CAHILL TO THE UNITED STATES.—The Rev. Dr. Cahill, of Ireland, is to sail on the 22d or 25th instant for the United States. In a letter he says:

I intend to make a tour of the States and of Canada, to see my countrymen; to inform myself, as an eye-witness, of the flourishing institutions of the great American republic; to transmit to the poor Irish at home a weekly report of the condition of their relatives and friends on the other side of the Atlantic, and to point out those parts of the Union where labor is most rewarded, and where a settlement is most advantageous. My letters to Ireland shall have no reference, directly or indirectly, to politics international or domestic. I shall be a mere Irish traveler, cheering my fellow-countrymen

wherever I happen to meet them, and conveying the thanks, the gratitude of Ireland to America for her protection and her matchless hospitality to the wandering emigrants from this country. During my passage through the towns and cities, I shall deliver public popular lectures on astronomy.

### THE PERILS OF BALLOONING.

Thrilling Narrative of the adventures of Messrs. La Mountain and Haddock.

The public has been informed of the safe arrival at Ottawa, C. W., on the 3d inst. of Prof. La Mountain and Mr. Haddock, who ascended in the balloon Atlantic from Watertown, N. Y., on the 22nd of September, and for whose safety much fear was felt. Mr. Haddock has written a long but interesting account of their wanderings and sufferings in the wilderness. It appears the balloonists were in the air some four to five hours, when finding themselves over a dense wilderness, and the darkness of the night around them, they concluded to descend. They did so and passed the night in the balloon fastened to the top of a tall spruce-tree, and exposed to a drenching rain. At daylight they again ascended, and here we leave Mr. Haddock to speak for himself:

"As the current was driving us still to the north, we dare not stay up, as we were drifting farther and still farther to the 'frozen tide' from which we knew there could be no escape. Mr. La M. seized the valve cord and discharged gas, and we descended in safety by the side of a large spruce. We made the Atlantic fast by her anchor, and for a moment talked over what we should do. We had not a mouthful to eat. No protection at night from the damp ground, were distant we knew not how far from habitation, were hungry to start with, no earthly hope of raising a fire and no distinct idea as to where we were. We settled in our own minds that we were in John Brown's tract or in the great Canada wilderness—to the south, we thought, of the Ottawa, and knew that a course south by east would take us out if we had strength enough to travel the distance. La M. stepped up to the balloon and gave the edge of the basket a parting shake, saying, 'Good bye, old Atlantic,' and I fancied I could see a tear in his honest eye when he said it."

A minute account of their wanderings in a dense forest is then given. They traveled miles on foot along a creek, crossed and recrossed it on a log, slept on its banks, suffering intensely meanwhile from cold and wet weather. Subsequently they formed a raft, and on this slowly proceeded on by pulling it, in the hope of reaching some habitable settlement. Here we quote:

"It had now been four full days since we ate a meal. All we had ate in the meantime was a frog apiece, four clams and a few wild berries, whose acid properties and bitter taste had probably done us more harm than good. Our strength was beginning to fail very fast, and our systems were evidently about to undergo an extraordinary change. I did not permit myself to think of food—the thought of a well covered table would have been too much. I thought over all of poor Strain's sufferings on the Isthmus of Darien, where he, too, was paddling a raft down an unknown stream; but never believed we could stand half the amount of suffering he did. Besides, he had means to make a fire—we had none. He was upon a stream which he knew would lead to the sea and safety—we were upon waters whose flow we knew really nothing of, and were as much lost as though in the mountains of the moon. But we could not give it up so, and took fresh courage as troubles appeared to thicken."

Soon after they heard the report of a gun, and the two lost men paddled their raft in the direction whence the report came, a distance of nearly a mile. Seeing a shantee, Mr. Haddock rushed on shore. Here we quote again:

"I hallooed—a noise was heard inside, and a noble looking Indian came to the door. 'Vous parlez Francaise' was my eager inquiry, as I grasped his outstretched hand. 'Yes, sir; and English, too.' He drew me into the cabin, and there was the head of the party, a noble-hearted Scotchman, named Angus Cameron. I immediately told my story—that we came in with a balloon, were lost, and had been four days without food—asking where we were. Imagine my surprise when he said we were one hundred and fifty miles due north of Ottawa—in the dense, uninhabited forest, whose only limit was the Arctic circle. In a word, we were nearly 300 miles in a due north course from Watertown, in latitude 47°."

"Dinner was all ready. The party consisted of four persons—Mr. Cameron and his assistant, who was also named Cameron, LaMab MacDougall, a half-breed, and his son Beaucell. I dispatched the young Indian after La Mountain, who came in after a moment the absolute picture of wretchedness. All that the cabin contained was freely tendered us, and we began to eat. Language is inadequate to express our sensations while doing so. The clouds had all lifted from

our sombre future, and the 'silver lining' shone all the brighter for the deep darkness through which we had passed."

The narrative concludes with an account of their return to Watertown, N. Y. They were conducted sixty miles through the Canadian wilderness by Indians.

WHAT IS A MEERSCHAUM?—We notice that these pipes are becoming very common, yet their component parts are little known. A New York paper thus explains the manufacture:

In the islands of Negropont and Samos, in the Archipelago, a peculiar variety of magnesia is found on the coast beneath a thin strata of earth. When first obtained, it resembles the foam or froth of the sea, and hence is termed meerschaum by the Germans, while the French style is *écume de mer*. Analysis proves that it is composed of magnesia, carbonic acid, water, and about four per cent. of selix. The idea so common in this country that meerschaum is the foam of the sea, originated in the resemblance referred to, and also to the old fashion of calling meerschaum pipes "seafoam pipes." When first dug from the earth the magnesia is soft and easily moulded into any shape that fancy may dictate. In this condition, it is formed into pipes and cigar holders, and exposed to the action of the air until it hardens. Before being boiled in wax or oil it is nearly as light as pitch, and full of minute pores, through which a pin or a knife may be stuck with no more damage than the same operation performed on a fine sponge. The pipes are boiled in wax or oil, in order to give them a polish, as well as to render them more durable; but smoking soon burns out the oleaginous secretions, and the "oil of the smoke" sinks into the pores gradually until the outer surface is colored.

### A "Fashionable Wedding" in New York.

The New York papers contain long accounts of the ceremonies attending the marriage of Don Esteban Santa Cruz De Oviedo, a Cuban millionaire, to Miss Frances Amelia Bartlett, the daughter of an ex-Lieutenant in the United States navy, which took place on Thursday morning at Saint Patrick's Cathedral in that city.—As a matter of some curiosity we copy the following particulars from the Commercial:

The engagement was announced some months since, when it was stated that the wealthy Cuban met the accomplished lady and straightway becoming enamored of her, proposed and was accepted. He immediately proceeded to lavish upon her all that his wealth could command, and stories were rife as to the cost and magnificence of the bridal presents she was to receive. Upper tandom was alive with expectation in view of the approaching nuptials. The Cuban, however, progressed with the preparations for the wedding, and continued to shower upon his adored all the gifts that his immense wealth could command. Probably so aristocratic a wedding has not taken place in New York for years as the present one, and consequently all who were so fortunate as to be blessed with an acquaintance with the family assiduously sought an invitation to the ceremony. Nearly all the Spanish gentlemen in the city received cards, and it is stated that no less than three thousand invitations were issued.

It is stated that the cost of the presents made by Senor Oviedo to his affianced is certainly \$35,000, if not more. The trousseau consists of seventy-five dresses and other "arrangements" to match, and cost some \$10,000. The bridal dress is a "miracle of elegance" and exquisite taste, and cost \$5,000. The pair of diamonds that confine the bridal veil was made to order at Tiffany's. The *friolera* of \$19,000 cash was paid for it on delivery.

The ceremony in the Cathedral commenced at twelve o'clock, but as early as nine the throngs began to assemble and pour into the church. A police under command of Capt. Williamson was present, and had as much as they could do to preserve order. The guests, who had cards of admission, passed in at the main entrance to the Cathedral in Mott street, and here the street was filled with people, all waiting their turn to pass the door.—By eleven the church became jammed with human beings, but yet they continued to squeeze in, regardless of the damage done their garments or inconvenience to themselves. Hundreds who had no tickets of admission gathered on the outside, in the street, and even on the housetops to get a standing place, hoping thereby to see the bridal party as they entered the church.

They entering by the Mulberry street side caused much disappointment to the crowd. When the cathedral filled so that there was no possibility of getting any other living being in, the reaction commenced, and the push was frightful between those who wished to retire and those who wanted to get in. In the confusion several dresses were torn and ruined. Ladies fainted and were dragged out, gentlemen pushed till red in the face and nearly dead with suffocation.

Inside the cathedral every available

space of standing room was filled, and it was estimated that not less than five thousand persons were in the building. The altar was lighted up with wax tapers, and in the interval while waiting for the bridal party to arrive, the organ played several airs. Outside the cathedral the throng must have numbered all of five thousand persons, three-fourths of whom were ladies.

At precisely twelve o'clock the bridal party arrived and entered the cathedral. The procession consisted of ten carriages of the latest and newest style, with colored drivers in black coats and pants, white vests and gloves and gold bands on their hats. The bridal party consisted of the father and mother of the bride, the bridal pair, and six bridesmaids, with six bridesmen. The bride with her father entered the space in front of the altar first, then came the bridegroom with the mother of the bride, after which came the bridesmen and bridesmaids.

The bride—who looked as beautiful as an houri—was clothed in a dress of white satin with point lace flowers. An elegant veil of point lace extended from her head, where it was surmounted by a wreath of orange flowers, to her feet, and extending, with the train of her dress, some short distance beyond. In her hand she had a fan of point lace, adorned with pearls and diamonds.

The bridesmaids, six in number, were clothed two in white, two in blue, and two in cherry colored tarleton dresses with double skirts. The dress of the bride cost over five thousand dollars, the lace and veil costing over four thousand. The dresses of the bridesmaids cost about one hundred dollars each. The bridegroom is a small man, of dark complexion, and apparently about forty years of age. He was dressed in white vest and gloves, black coat and pants. The bridesmen were similarly dressed.

The marriage ceremony was performed by Rt. Rev. Archbishop Hughes, assisted by Vicar General William Starrs, Rev. John McAvoy, Rev. Francis McNiery, Rev. Thomas S. Preston, Rev. John Woods and other priests.

After the ceremony the reception took place from 1 to 3 P. M., at the residence of the bride's father, No. 39 West Fourteenth street. Two thousand invitations to the reception were issued. The bridegroom is said to be worth \$4,000,000.—He owns large sugar and coffee plantations in Cuba, and negroes without number.

### THE FOLLOWING FROM ONE

of our Agents, who is too well known in his own State to need endorsing by us, will be read with interest by Dyspeptics:—

LEBANON, N. H., Feb. 29th, 1859.  
MESSRS. SETH W. FOWLE & CO., *Gentlemen*: Please send by Express, another Box of *Oxygenated Bitters*, as we are nearly out. These Bitters have recently been used with unusual benefit by a member of my family, who has derived more advantage from it than from all other medicines, which fact being known, greatly influences the demand for the Bitters. There is no profession, in which a reputation for truth and sincerity is more desirable, than in that of an Apothecary; and for this reason, I have always been careful in recommending remedies. But I feel perfectly safe in advising all who are troubled with Dyspepsia, to resort at once to the *Oxygenated Bitters*.  
Yours truly, &c.,  
GEO. S. KENDRICK

FAIR NOTICE.—Those indebted to the late firm of E. W. Ogburn, & Co., by Note or Account must settle up by the first of September, or their accounts will be placed in the hands of an Officer for collection.  
J. W. DOAK, *Sure. Partner*.  
Aug. 5th 1859. 32-tf.

BELTS! BELTS!! BELTS!!!  
I INTEND KEEPING INDIA-RUBBER Belts, all sizes, for sale. Below is a list of prices.

	2 inch	3 ply	12 1/2	cts.	per foot.
2 1/2	"	"	15	"	"
3	"	"	17	"	"
4	"	"	22	"	"
5	"	"	27	"	"
6	"	"	32	"	"
7	"	"	38	"	"
8	"	"	42	"	"
10	"	"	60	"	"
12	"	"	72	"	"

J. B. F. BOONE.

### GREAT ATTRACTION.

A new cheap store in Greensboro. J. F. Jollee has taken the Store formerly occupied by Winbourn & Witty, where he is now receiving a large assortment of Dry Goods and Groceries, Boots, Shoes, Hats and Caps. He will still continue to keep his usual variety of Clothing and Gentleman's furnishing Goods.—Thankful for the Favors he received whilst he was in the Clothing Business, he hopes by punctuality and industry to merit a continuance of the same.  
J. F. JOLLEE.  
October, 11. 41-3m.

THE OLD NORTH STATE, FORT- ever. Look here, friends and Fellow-citizens, will you buy the noble State of North Carolina? If so, send to the subscribers, or subscribe to the County Agent, for this

New, Large and Magnificent Map And you will get the whole State, with her Rivers, Rail-roads, Gold, Copper, Lead, Iron and Coal Mines, and all the Cities, Towns and Villages, her noble Mountains and Springs, and her Fields and Flowers.

If you want this GOLDEN PRIZE, now is the time. Map seven feet by five. Border views of the State House, Insane Asylum, Chapel Hill, Male and Female Colleges, &c., &c., one of the *cheapest* and *best* Maps ever published.  
PEARCE & BEST,  
Hillsboro', N. C. 1859.

AGENTS WANTED for Every County in the State. Terms liberal. Apply as above. (Oct 8-6m.)

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THE FIFTH VOLUME OF THE TIMES commences with the New Year, 1860. Engagements have been made to make this volume by far the most brilliant in the history of THE TIMES. It will commence with

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being the three best stories written and put in competition by the writers North and South. Its shorter contributions also will receive additional attention; its illustrations will be increased; and its typographical appearance will be improved by a still neater dress. The Publishers are determined to keep pace with the improvements of the age; their motto is "PROGRESSION," and as the circulation of THE TIMES enlarges each year, they are determined to add new attractions to its columns. And now with these promises for the New Volume, the Publishers confidently expect a very large increase in its circulation. They make an appeal to their old friends and subscribers, and to those who have heretofore withheld their patronage.

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### Extra \$500 in Money.

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In Wilmington we refer to the following gentlemen who have Knabe's Pianos in use: Geo. Myers, Esq., E. D. Poisson, Esq., Griffith J. McRee, Esq., and others. We deliver these Pianos in Wilmington at the published rates of the Manufacturers. Every instrument has the full iron frame, and is fully warranted.

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Greensboro, Jan. 1. 1859.



## Times' Correspondence.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

YARMOUTH, CAPE COD, Mass.,  
Oct. 6, 1859

Dear Times:—By date of this you perceive my present location is several hundred miles east of my recent home in the empire State. A few weeks ago I was enjoying the beautiful lakes, romantic scenery and extensive farms in central New York—now I am learning something of life on the Cape. And as everything here is so different from towns remote from the sea coast, it may be interesting to you to learn something of this narrow neck of land, and the people dwelling upon it.

You doubtless recollect, when you were a school-boy and studying geography, what a curious shaped piece of land Cape Cod seemed to be, on account of its resemblance to a person's arm bent at the elbow. This occupies so small a space on the map, that one would hardly suppose it to be inhabited; but there are numerous towns and villages all along the cape, even to its termination at Provincetown, which is often called the "jumping off place." The width of the cape varies from two to ten miles; and its length is about sixty miles. The soil is generally sandy, and the surface level or slightly undulating. A few low and scrubby pines grow here and there; but on account of the fierce and frequent winds that sweep across the cape no large trees or noble forests are seen; and so poor is the soil that vegetation is almost wholly neglected, except a small garden and an occasional cornfield, which seems almost like an oasis in a desert. However, within a few years cranberry patches have been prepared on the low and marshy land near the salt water; and hundreds of bushels of this delicious fruit are sold every year, and bring from ten to twelve dollars per barrel.

But notwithstanding the unproductiveness of the soil and the gloomy appearance of the landscape, yet there are times, and those not infrequent, when the mind is as much impressed with thoughts of the grand, sublime and beautiful in nature, as when we stand at the falls of Niagara or gaze from some mountain-top upon the surrounding country.

From every town and village on the cape, the dark blue waters of the ocean are visible, and the eye can behold in the distance nothing except the sky and ocean and here and there a vessel either homeward bound, or just starting on some distant voyage. This prospect, with the regular ebbing and flowing of the tides, which, by the way are more perceptible here than in many places—since in high tides the water flows over all the low lands, and comes almost to our very doors, would become monotonous at length, were it not for the sudden changes of the weather. Being so much exposed to the sea we feel more sensibly the strong winds and dense fogs, and realize as we never did before the violence of a thunder storm, a hurricane or a tempest. Sometimes when we retire for the night the sky is clear and the weather calm and peaceful; but before morning the wind rises and rages furiously, and as we look out at day-break we behold the sea in commotion, and the angry waves, white with foam, dashing onward toward the coast. Sometimes a ship appears struggling on the heaving billows, now rising on the topmost wave, then sinking down so low that the waves sweep over her deck, and the sailors are obliged to cling to the ropes to prevent being washed overboard. Such sights as these often relieve the monotony and quietude of the place, and fill the mind with emotions of grandeur.

The towns and villages on the cape are for the most part, laid out in one continuous street running parallel with the coast. Like other towns they contain a few stores, several churches and sometimes a bank and a hotel. The houses are mostly built in cottage style, and are surrounded by a neat yard, and both the fences and houses are painted so often that the attention of strangers is at once attracted to the neatness of the villages on the cape.

Nearly all the inhabitants, except the women and children are, or have been engaged in a sea-faring life. The men who are now at home, are wealthy sea-captains—some advanced in years and retired from the perils and hardships of the ocean to enjoy their old age with their families; while others are only here for a few days, and expect soon to commence another voyage to some distant portion of the world. Having visited so many foreign ports and learned so much concerning other nations, they are a very intelligent class of men; and it is interesting to hear them relate their adventures on the mighty ocean. One tells of a terrible storm that tore in pieces his sails, and carried away his masts; another gives an account of his ship on fire when a thousand miles from land, and tells how thankful and joyous he and his sailors were to see another ship come in sight, just as the flames were spreading over the deck; and another speaks of having his vessel driven to the coast in a tempest and dashed upon the hidden rocks with loss

of all save himself and one poor sailor.

The people of the Cape are hospitable and kind, and generous, and pay much attention to the education of their children, many of whom at an early age experience the wonders of the deep, either as sailors before the mast or as mates and masters of a vessel. In the High schools here, much attention is paid to the study of Navigation—this being considered one of the most important and essential studies. Out of school the boys amuse themselves in making miniature schooners and ships, and models of windmills which are very common upon the cape since by them all the power is obtained, which in other places is furnished by numerous streams and rivers, none of which are found here.

I have thus given you some idea of life upon Cape Cod; and will close by saying that from my window I can look across the Bay, and towards the North West discover old Plymouth—the place where the Pilgrim Fathers landed and lived and died. C. W. H.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

PORTSMOUTH, VA., Oct. 12, 1859.

Messrs. Editors:—Your talented contributor, "Wm. R. Hunter, the children's Friend," has been in our midst doing a vast deal of good. Mr. Hunter is certainly engaged in a labor of love, and his talents peculiarly adapted to the work which he has undertaken. His tact for pleasing the young, is possessed by few; and his ardent appeals to the minds and hearts of "children of larger growth," have all the elements of native eloquence. Mr. Hunter has more system about his lectures, accomplishing more in the same length of time, than any man with whom we have had the pleasure of an acquaintance. During his short stay here, he has delivered nineteen lectures in this and our sister city; seventeen to Sunday Schools, and two on the subject of Temperance. His lecture on Temperance, in this city, was a masterly effort and productive of much good. The Sons of Temperance and Rhetoricians attended in a body, and at the close of the meeting ninety-five (95) signatures were obtained to the pledge. "May his shadow never grow less," and may he meet with that encouragement in his noble work, which will determine him to "Stand up for Jesus," though the tempest of passion rage, and his little barque be threatened with shipwreck, is the earnest prayer of AMICUS.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

Our foreign files to the 1st inst. by the Africa, contains some matters of interest, which we subjoin.

**THE AMERICAN MINISTER AT PEKIN.**  
The Paris Pays furnishes the following particulars in regard to the movements of Mr. Ward, the American minister to China.

The last news from Shanghai establishes beyond a doubt the arrival of Mr. Ward, the American envoy, at Peking. This diplomatist ascended the Ki-Tcheou-Yun-Ho, one of the branches of the Peiho, accompanied by all the members of his legation.

Arrived at Ning Ho Fou, the American corvette which had brought Mr. Ward, was retained in port. The members of the legation, under the guidance of a Mandarin, were placed in a huge box, about five metres long by three broad, which was closed every where but above, so as to prevent those it contained from seeing the country. This box or traveling chamber, provided with all things necessary to the comfort of the traveler, was placed on a raft and taken first up the river, and then up the imperial canal as far as the gate of the capital. Here it was placed on a large truck drawn by oxen, and in this way the minister of the United States and the members of his legation entered Peking. They were perfectly well treated by the Chinese, but were not allowed to see anything. The truck was drawn into the courtyard of a large house, which was to be the residence of the American envoys, but from which they were not to be allowed to go out.

At the last dates they were awaiting their interview with the Emperor. They had not been allowed to have any communication with the outer world, but were permitted to send a dispatch to Mr. Fish, the American consul at Shanghai, informing him of their safety. After the interview the American minister was to be re-conducted to the frontier in the same way as that in which he came.

## THE SAN JUAN AFFAIR.

The London Times is highly indignant at the conduct of the Americans, and is somewhat belligerent in its tone. It says:

"We have yielded more than we ought on many American questions, simply because the public opinion of the country cannot be enlisted in these paltry disputes, while the destinies of the world are being decided out of doors. But there has probably never yet been an instance of a spot in dispute between the two nations which has been violently seized by one of them on

the sole responsibility of an inferior officer. Such an act requires an explanation from the government at Washington, and, doubtless, Mr. Buchanan will at once declare that General Harney acted without his sanction, and that the position of matters has been in no way changed by this appeal to main force."

The Times censures the British government for habitually yielding to every demand of the American government, and expresses a hope that "we shall be true to ourselves and to those hardy adventurers who, under the supposed protection of the British flag, have spread themselves over the globe."

"This language," says the European Times, "is almost certain to produce language equally defiant on the part of our transatlantic cousins, and is not calculated to lead to a very harmonious solution of the question. It will hardly be adopted by a responsible minister like Lord John Russell, and is entirely calculated to weaken the hands of President Buchanan."

## BLOODSHED EXPECTED IN CENTRAL ITALY.

The Post's Paris correspondent writes that, according to dispatches from Rome, the troops of the Pope are waiting reinforcements, when they will attack the federal forces concentrated at Rimini and elsewhere. The Papal government is said to have applied to Austria and other Catholic people for soldiers. Bloodshed must be looked for ere long in central Italy, and Austria will assuredly bring about hostilities. The same writer is assured that great efforts are being made to persuade the Emperor Napoleon to withdraw his army from Italy, as the only solution of the Italian question. The hostility of the Austrians towards Piedmont is augmented daily, and as soon as she can get the French out of the peninsula, the war will be renewed. The Post's Paris correspondent also states that neither the English nor French ministers have the least influence with the Neapolitan government, and then Filangieri has given up all idea of reforms, as the King has decided to govern like his father.

The Morning Herald's Paris correspondent says the Duke of Modena is at the head of 10,000 troops, backed by 5,000 more under the Grand Duke of Tuscany. Kuibermatten has collected some 10,000 men, of whom about one-third are Croats, and the remainder Swiss, and he is gone to Vienna, to organize a plan of attack against Fanti's army of central Italy, now concentrated round Rimini, while the Archduke would operate from the North. Piedmont is also eagerly preparing for the fray.

## NAPLES.

The King of Naples had left his capital for the Roman frontier for the purpose, it was said, of having an interview with the Pope.

Late letters assert that Aquila, in the Abruzzi, was in open revolt. Orders had been given to place Capua and other fortified places on a war footing. A movement of troops was taking place at Naples, and important commands are said to have already been bestowed.

Rumor says that the Pope contemplates abandoning Rome and again taking refuge at Gaeta.

Naples letters of the 27th state that 15,000 soldiers had been sent to the frontiers, and that 10,000 more would follow.

## Four Days Later From Europe.

FATHER POINT, Oct. 16.—The steamer North Briton, from Liverpool, with dates to the 5th inst., passed here at 3 o'clock this morning, on her way to Quebec.

The steamer Europa arrived out on the 3d, and the Anglo-Saxon on the 4th. The news by this arrival is not important.

Mr. Mason, the United States Minister at Paris, had died suddenly of apoplexy on the 3d instant.

The steamer Great Eastern was to leave Portland for Holyhead on the 8th instant.

The latest accounts from Zurich say that all of the plenipotentiaries were present at the conference on the 3d, at which the articles of the peace treaty were read over. The Paris Patrie says the treaty will be signed in a few days. It will confirm the cession of Lombardy, and contain the settlement of the Lombard depot. Central Italian affairs will be settled by the proposed Congress.

It was asserted at Paris that Austria had consented to reduce the Piedmontese portion of the Lombard debt from four hundred million francs to a little more than half that sum.

The London Times has another sharp article on the San Juan affairs. It rejoices at Gen. Scott's mission, and trusts that there will be a pacific solution; says the island belongs to England, and pitches into Gen. Harney generally as a filibuster, &c.

## ENGLAND.

The London builders' strike continues. The transport ship Clara, with 400 soldiers, and their wives and children, struck a rock in the channel, and reached Portland in safety, though leaking badly.

The Times says that agents of the French, Austrian and Sardinian govern-

ments are soliciting tenters from English founders for a large quantity of rifled cannon.

## FRANCE.

The Emperor Napoleon will leave Biarritz on the 10th inst., and stops two days at Bordeaux, where it is anticipated he will make a speech.

The grand army of observation will winter in Italy.

The latest rumor says that the preparations for a French expedition to China had been suspended, and that indications of backing down are apparent.

Marshal Niel's orders of the day on joining his troops were construed into an admission that the peace was not likely to last long.

The London Herald's Paris correspondent says that nothing was heard on every side but preparations for war, and he gives a similar picture of the state of affairs in Austria and Sardinia.

Gen. Changarnier had returned to Paris. A letter from Paris says that the King of the Belgians' visit to Biarritz, in relation to the Belgian debt to France, was a perfect failure.

## ITALY.

The Sardinian government had sent a circular note to the representatives of European courts, urging the formation of a kingdom in Upper Italy.

It was asserted that the Pope had ordered his passports to be given to the Sardinian minister, thus giving rise to a collision between the Swiss troops and the neutral stations at Catolica. It was stated that there was an insurrectionary movement at Palermo.

The Sardinian standard had been hoisted on the old palace at Florence, and on all the public buildings.

The decrees of Tuscany and Bologna state that in future all public acts shall be headed—"Under the reign of his Majesty, Victor Emmanuel."

Gen. Garibaldi had been enthusiastically received at Bologna.

The garrison of Ancona had been reinforced, and in the order of the day General Fanti promised that "the tri-color of Italy, preceded by the old cross of Savoy, will precede the troops of Central Italy in fresh battles, and forever free Italy from the stranger."

Gen. Garibaldi had summoned the Italians of the Legations to arms, and a collision was shortly expected.

## GREAT BRITAIN.

In Ireland a little agitation has commenced, which has for its object the return to their native country, if they desire it, of such of "the patriots" as compromised themselves in Smith O'Brien's rebellion of 1848.

The London builders' strike remains in a very unsatisfactory state.

A meeting had been held at Cork for the purpose of promoting the claims of Cork harbor as a naval and packet station, and for making it a port of call for the trans-Atlantic steamers.

The revenue returns for the quarter ending September 30 had been published, and were quite satisfactory. The gross increase from the principal sources of revenue was about £800,000—but this was rather more than counterbalanced by the reduction in income tax, &c.

## FRANCE.

Letters from the provinces in France confirm the reports of grand armaments at the various ports. The government had purchased land at a high price on the coast for the purpose of erecting fortifications. At Boulogne a floating battery is to be constructed without sails, navigated by steam and armed with rifled guns.

## GERMANY.

The official journal contains a decree for the renewal of the ordinance of 1850, which prohibits all subjects of Hesse-Darmstadt from becoming members of any political society, established either in the interior or abroad.

## AUSTRALIA.

The shipments of gold from Melbourne since the July mail, and up to August 19th, amounted to £655,000 in five ships.

**EXCITEMENT IN CHESTER, ILL.**—A few days since a gang of runaway slaves crossed the river from Missouri to the vicinity of Chester, Illinois, and were soon afterward pursued and overtaken by a party of Missourians. The slaves, being armed, showed fight, and one of their number was killed and two others badly wounded. A resident of Chester was arrested by the authorities of that town, on suspicion of being connected with the fight, and lodged in jail without any examination. At last accounts a large body of Missourians, said to number five hundred armed men, were on their way to Chester to demand his release.

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Best Double Sole Brogans \$1.50  
Good " " " 1.25  
Good single " " 1.00  
For sale at BOONES.  
October, 11.

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request—those owing us  
Accounts due 1st January, 1859, will please call and settle the same immediately. No interest will be charged on accounts due 1st July, 1859, if paid on or before 1st October.  
COLE & AMIS.

## GREENSBORO' FEMALE COLLEGE—GREENSBORO', NORTH CAROLINA—FACULTY.

Rev. T. M. Jones, A. M., President, and Professor of Natural Sciences and Belles-Lettres.

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Theo. F. Wolfe, Professor of Music.

W. C. A. Frerichs, Professor of Drawing, Painting, and French.

Miss Bettie Carter, } Assistants in Literary Department

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Miss M. A. Howlett, }

Miss Fannie Ogburn, }

Miss Pattle Cole, }

Miss L. C. Van Vleet, Teacher of Guitar.

Miss Josephine M. Flint, Teacher of Vocal Music.

Rev. J. Bethel, } Boarding Department.

Mrs. J. Bethel, }

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Terms per Session of Twenty-one Weeks

Board, including furnished rooms, servants' attendance, washing, fuel, &c., (lights extra) \$50; Tuition, \$20; Incidental Tax, \$1; French, \$10; Latin or Greek \$5; Oil Painting, \$20; other style in proportion; Music on Piano, \$22.50; Music on Guitar, \$21; Graduation Fee \$5. The regular fees are to be paid one half in advance.

The Collegiate year begins on the last Thursday in July, and ends on the second Thursday in June.

The winter uniform is Mazarine blue merino, and straw bonnets trimmed with blue; summer, plain white jaconet. The uniform is worn only in public. Pupils are not allowed to make accounts in the stores, or elsewhere, under any circumstances whatever.

For further information apply to the President. (11—1y)

## FEMALE NORMAL SCHOOL,

High Point, N. C. Railroad, 15 miles West of Greensborough.

Rev. N. McR. RAY, Principal, with efficient assistants.

The next Session of this Institution will begin the 1st, Monday in August. Its patronage and prospects are such as to render it probable that we shall not be able to accommodate all applicants with board in the Institution. Those who desire therefore to board in the Institution would do well to apply soon. Arrangements have been made to accommodate any number in private families. The undersigned and his family dwell in the Institution. Instruction is given in all the branches taught in the best Female Institutions. We have apparatus, new Pianos &c. The expenses are less than at any other Institution of the same character in the State. Board alone and the English Branches \$40 to \$55 per session. Latin and Greek each \$7.50. French \$5. Ornaments very low. Board and half the tuition required in advance.

30 Young Ladies will be received and credited for tuition until they can teach and pay for it.

Wanted Situations for Southern Female Teachers. For full information address.

REV. W. I. LANGDON, Proprietor.

June 27th 1859.

## OGLETHORPE MEDICAL COLLEGE—Savannah, Georgia.

The Fifth Annual course of Lectures in this Institution will begin on the 14th of Nov. next. The Preliminary Lectures will open on the 29th October.

## FACULTY:

H. L. BYRD, M. D., Prof. Practice.

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A. W. GRIGGS, M. D., Prof. Surgery.

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Diploma..... 30 00

One student from each Congressional District in Georgia; one from each Southern State, and all the foreign Missionaries of any religious denomination, without exception, educated gratuitously, save \$15 only, for matriculation fee and dissecting ticket. The sons of Physicians have first choice of the beneficiary foundation, the sons of clergymen next, and all others are equal. For further information address

H. L. BYRD, M. D., Donor.

Savannah, Ga.

Oct. 8-6w.

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Brooklyn Heights, 106 Pierrepont St. Corner of Clinton.

ALFRED GREENLEAF, A. M., } Principals.

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This first class Institution will reopen Sept. 12th with rare facilities for the thorough and accomplished education of young ladies.

For circulars, etc., apply personally or by letter as above.

Brooklyn, New York. (Se 3—3mp)

## GREENSBORO' HIGH SCHOOL

The next Session will commence Monday, the 1st of August. Boys in this School will be prepared for entering any class in College; and special attention will be given to such as wish only a good practical English Education.

Tuition per session of Twenty weeks \$20. One dollar for Contingencies is required of each Student in advance.

JOHN E. WHARTON, Principal.

June 20, 1859. 178ft.

## GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING

STORE.—We are now receiving our stock of Fall and Winter goods, embracing every thing in our line of business our Stock of Ready Made Clothing is complete and carefully selected, every Garment is warranted to be well made and of good material. We have also a large assortment of Cloths, Casimere and Vestings which were selected with great care to suit the wants and purses of all classes and which we will make up in a superior manner and in a style to suit the most fastidious taste. A call from the public is most respectfully solicited. We take pleasure in showing our goods, feeling confident that they will recommend themselves upon inspection.

EFLAND & KIRKPATRICK.

Greensboro, Sept., 1859. 23-1y.

Blank Warrants.—For sale at this Office



## THE TIMES.



GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

SATURDAY, Oct. 22, 1859.

C. C. COLE, J. W. ALBRIGHT, Editors and Proprietors.

## Contributors.

We present only a few names from the large number who contribute to THE TIMES:

E. W. CARLISLES, D.D.,  
WM. E. HUNTER,  
J. STARR HOLLOWAY,  
B. L. B. HIGDON,  
J. WOODRUFF LEWIS,  
S. J. C. WHITFIELD,  
MARY W. JANVRY,  
WILLIE E. PARSON,  
INA CLAYTON,  
C. G. DENN,  
ANNA M. BATES,  
GRACE MILWOOD,  
MRS. L. M. HUTCHINSON,  
ED. ST. GEO. COOKE,  
MRS. C. HUTCHINS,  
GRIFITH J. MOORE,  
and others.

## MAP OF NORTH CAROLINA.

A State pride is commendable in all persons; the love of one's native country, of one's home, is among the first emotions of the mind. And as a State cannot prosper without her citizens possessing a pride in her welfare, prompting to the encouragement of such industry as will promote her interests, so whatever tends to the weakening of this pride or disposition to encourage "home industry," is an injury to the State. And by a parity of reasoning, the reverse is true; whatever tends to the development of a State pride is itself beneficial to a State.

Who will deny that the simple fact that Washington was born in Virginia has ever given her a name and a position she would not otherwise have sustained, in addition to the fact her citizens are prompted to act worthy of the name of Washington, that they bring not reproach thereon? Who has not a greater respect for Massachusetts that she gave the nation a Webster?

All State works worthily executed strengthens the respect we have for the State; badly executed, the State suffers in public confidence and esteem. From this premises every citizen of North Carolina is individually interested in the proposed publication of the Map of North Carolina, as advertised in our columns by Messrs. Pearce & Best. And as the map recently published by W. D. Cooke, which will be in chief the new map, contains so many errors and inaccuracies, we fear the same of the new map. Besides, we know it is impossible to be accurate under the present organized plans of execution by the publishers. If locations of towns, roads, streams, canals, &c., &c., are worth marking upon the map, they should be marked correctly.

We do not propose any extended remarks upon the subject, neither do we wish to throw anything in the way of the success of this map. We have a strong love for all State improvements, and for whatever tends to the promotion of our State institutions. It will be too late to criticize the map and point out its errors after it shall have been published—as many errors we know it will have if prosecuted under the present plans for obtaining information. We say what we have to say in time to be of service if taken in the spirit in which it is given—the spirit of kindness. To make the proper surveys and obtain the necessary information will require additional time and means; but when executed, the map will then be the pride of the State and an ornament to the rooms of thousands of her citizens.

The obtaining of the proper surveys and information is of much importance to the State as a State, and rather than suffer an imperfect work, she ought as a State to aid in its execution.

The Portsmouth Transcript will do us a favor by giving credit to the original articles taken from our columns.

## \$200.00 IN PRIZES.

The Publishers of *The Times* propose giving \$200.00 in prizes for the three best Original Stories, scenes laid in America, which may be received by them between this and the 15th of December.

For the best Story.....\$100.00  
For the second best.....50.00  
For the third best.....50.00

These prizes will be awarded the 15th of December, if Stories are received to justify an award. The length of the stories, and the subjects, provided they are of a moral character, will be left to the discretion of the writers. Three impartial judges will make the awards, and to shun all appearance of collusion, manuscripts should be mailed to the publishers of *The Times*, marked "Prize Story," and the name of the writer should be sealed in a separate envelope.

COLE &amp; ALBRIGHT,

Publishers of THE TIMES,  
Greensboro', N. C. Sep. 13, 1859.

## EXERCISE AND HEALTH.

We have before taken occasion to speak of the merits of the *Medical and Literary Weekly*, published at Atlanta, Georgia, and in the issue for the 1st inst. is an interesting article on the subject of taking exercise for health.

In proportion as an organ is exercised, so does it increase in its capacity for performing its functions, but this exercise must always be moderate and tempered by a sound judgment; for excess of exercise, like excess of eating, will destroy the organ so overstrained.

We can give no definite rule by which an individual must be governed in exercising, for if we lay down a law, then all our readers will act upon that law—the feeble and the strong—the sick and the well; and there is no proposition more evident than that the same exercise which will only stimulate a healthy system will fatigue one which is unhealthy; which will exhilarate a strong man, will exhaust a feeble one.

No exercise should be taken on an empty stomach, especially early in the morning. We have no doubt that many lives have been lost from the pernicious habit of going out in the field, when the dew is still on the grass, and working for an hour or two before breakfast. The system cannot exist without food; to exercise, destroys some of the tissues of the body, and if it be done without a supply on hand from which to draw as the system needs, the man is in the same proportion injured, instead of being benefited.

Gymnastic exercises are a very fashionable, and, no doubt, very excellent mode of exercise for those who do not labor. By the various positions assumed in many of these athletic sports, all the muscles of the body are called into play, and consequently the vigor of the whole body is increased. By the dumb bells the muscles of the arms, chest, and some of those of the back, are exercised; and they afford a very pleasant pastime, when indulged in as a pastime. The weight of the dumb bells must, of course, vary with the strength of the user. From five to ten pounds each is about the usual weight. The heaviest ones we have seen, being used by a very athletic man, weighed fifteen pounds each. As a general rule, we would advise those who are interested to exercise until it becomes fatiguing, and when the least fatigue is felt to desist, always remembering to take exercise for the pleasure there is in it, and not for the sake of tiring the muscles.

We hope that these hints will be satisfactory to our inquiring Friend, with the promise that we shall allude to all these matters as occasion may require, giving each a full consideration.

Among the reliable works on health are "Alcott's Laws of Health," "Beale's Laws of Health," "Hall's Journal of Health," and the *Medical and Literary Weekly*.

**AN INCIDENT.**—Several years ago, when playing with one of his children, Mr. Brunel architect of the Great Eastern, accidentally swallowed a golden half sovereign, which stuck in his throat, and though ablest surgical aid was employed, it was found impossible to remove it. The coin remained firmly fixed in his throat for a considerable period, and Mr. Brunel, of a very nervous temperament, appeared literally pining away. At last when things seemed at their worst his Irish man servant gave him a pinch of snuff, and the violent sneezing which this caused suddenly removed the coin.

**ENORMOUS TUMOR.**—The Cleveland Medical Gazette contains an account of the most enormous tumor on record. The weight was about twice that of the sufferer who bore it, and was estimated at 197 pounds. For the last four or five

years of the patient's life she was rigorously confined to her bed, being wholly unable to sustain for a moment the standing posture. During the greater part of the time, however, her appetite and digestion were good, and all her functions were well performed.

## DICKENS.

There is magic in the name. It has become a "household word" where other novelists are unknown or forgotten. *Human Nature*, simply, faithfully and strikingly depicted, shines forth in every line that Charles Dickens has written, and constitutes the peculiar charm of his books. His caricatures remind us more forcibly of their originals than the most elaborate portraits of other writers—the pathetic tales of his ragged urchins touch the heart more quickly than the woes of the most wretched heroine ever immortalized by a Bulwer or a Scott. Who has ever read his works without pausing frequently to re-read the quaint phrases, to muse in uncontrollable delight over the striking thoughts which, while he wonders he has never hit upon them before, he yet must admit have in reality never occurred to him? And here it is that the genius of Mr. Dickens is most apparent. His ideas are such as alike entertain the sage and the schoolboy; and in reading them we feel a species of self-satisfaction in reflecting how often the same ideas have flitted through our own minds with which he who was the first to utter them now enchains our admiration.

Amid the mass of varied and inimitable stories which Dickens has given to the world it is difficult—perhaps impossible, to discriminate with justice. His "curiosity shop" is generally admitted to combine more merits than any other single tale from his pen. Of this a distinguished American critic has remarked: "It is scarcely possible to speak of it too well. The concluding scenes are such that human language urged by human thought could go no farther in the excitement of human feelings. It is in all respects a work that will secure for its author the enthusiastic admiration of every man of genius."

Such an eulogium—high as it is, might be applied to nearly all his compositions. None, we think, can peruse attentively any of his enchanting sketches without being impressed with wonder at the exquisite exhibition of that highest art, the *ars celare artem*, with which Mr. Dickens seems in an extraordinary degree to be endowed.

We shall, on another occasion, contrast him with Bulwer—another great master of modern fiction—whose genius, though of a very different kind, has given birth to offspring hardly less admirable.

**THE ARCTIC SEARCH.**—The Arctic steamer Fox has returned to England with the record and relics of Franklin's Expedition. Franklin died in 1847. The ships Erebus and Terror were lost the following years. The Fox found at Point William a record, dated April 5th, 1848, signed by Captains Crozier and Fitz James, saying that the Erebus and Terror were abandoned three days previous, in the ice; that the 105 survivors were proceeding to the Great Fish river; that Sir John Franklin died June 11th, 1847; and that the total number of deaths to the date of the record, had been nine officers and fifteen men. Many interesting relics were found on the western shore of King William's island, and others were obtained from the Esquimaux, who stated, that after the abandonment of the ships, one of them was crushed to pieces by the ice, and the other was forced ashore. Several skeletons and quantities of clothing were found. A duplicate record, up to the time when the ships were abandoned, was also obtained.

**LORD PALMERSTON.**—The only possible ground of apprehension in regard to the San Juan affair is, the fact that Palmerston, the old adversary of the United States, is in power. If the Derby administration was still in power, all differences between the United States and England would be conducted on that side the water with dignity and fairness. It is not in that temper that Palmerston can ever be expected to approach a controversy with the American Republic.—*Rich. Dis.*

## The Speed of Railway Cars.

Many of the accidents which happen to persons attempting to cross railroads, are the result of ignorance of the velocity of the iron horse when fairly under way. A writer in the Hartford Courant gives some interesting facts which it will be well to bear in mind: "It seems almost incredible, that as we glide smoothly along, the elegantly furnished car moves nearly twice its length in a second of time—about seventy four feet. At this velocity, we find that the locomotive driving-wheels, six feet in diameter, make four revolutions per second. It is no idle piston that traverses the cylinder thus eight times per second.

If a man with a horse and carriage, upon an unimportant road, should approach and cross the track at a speed of six miles an hour, which would be crossing rapidly, an express train approaching at the moment would move towards him two hundred and fifty seven feet while he was in the act of crossing a distance barely sufficient to clear the horse and vehicle. If the horse was moving at a rate no faster than a walk, as the track is usually crossed, the train would move toward him, while in the act of crossing, more than five hundred feet. This fact accounts for the many accidents at such points. The person driving thinks he may cross because the train is a few rods distant.

"Now compare the highest speed of the train with the velocity of sound? When the whistle is opened at the right rod 'whistle-post,' the train will advance nearly one hundred feet before the sound traverses the distance to, and is heard at the crossing. The velocity exceeds the flight of birds. The late Dr. J. L. Comstock, the well known author of several philosophical works, informed the writer that he was recently through western New York, when the train actually 'ran down' and killed a common hawk. The train was stopped, and the game so rarely captured, was secured."

**FATAL ACCIDENT.—A BOY PERFORATED BY RIFLE BALLS.**—A sad accident occurred at Sharp's Rifle Factory, in Hartford, Conn., on Thursday, by which a boy about 16 years of age, named Warren Shepard, lost his life. He was engaged, at the time of the accident, in loading a number of rifle barrels, preparatory to proving them, when by some means a few grains of powder that had been dropped near ignited and about a dozen of the barrels were discharged. The discharge of all the barrels were not simultaneous. The ball from the first one probably took effect on young Shepard and as he fell a number of the barrels fell over towards him and discharged, four or five of which took effect upon his body after he was down.—One ball, and probably the first one, entered under the chin and came out near the top of his head. Splinters of the skull penetrated the face and cloths of two men who were near by. One other ball took effect on the left arm of the young man, entering at the wrist and laying the flesh upon the inside of the arm open to the elbow. Two or three balls entered his body, passing entirely through and coming out on the opposite side.

There are seven reasons why farmers are healthier than professional men, viz:

1. They work more, and develop all the leading muscles of the body.
2. They take their exercise in the open air and breathe a great amount of oxygen.
3. Their food and drinks are commonly less adulterated and far more simple.
4. They do not overwork their brain as much as industrious professional men.
5. They take their sleep commonly during the hours of darkness, and do not try to turn day into night.
6. They are not so ambitious and do not wear themselves out so rapidly in the contest of rivalry.
7. Their pleasures are simple and less exhausting.

**NORTHERN FRUIT TREES.**—A Southern horticulturist cautions his friends against buying peach trees at the North. The meaneast peach on his plantation is better, he says, than some of those sent from the North, with such high sounding names as "Imperial Malakoff," &c., which turned out to be "little, hard, worthless peaches, that would make a pig grunt, if it did not squeal."

It is apparent that the South is hereafter to supply the North with this delicious fruit. The crop there is failing more and more every year, and trees are dying. At best they are short lived. The South, and especially North Carolina, can by means of railroads and steamers, fill the markets of the great cities with better peaches than are grown in their own neighborhood. But for that purpose the greatest care should be taken to cultivate the best varieties.—*Fay. Observer.*

Only bachelors should belong to clubs. Hercules gave up his club when he married Dajaneira, and all good husbands should follow his example.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

## I never can forget thee.

BY \* \* \*

I never can forget thee, never,  
Would to God that it might be,  
The fatal cord no power can sever  
Which binds my aching heart to thee.

Thou canst woo and win another  
Thy heart was made but to deceive,  
And I may not e'en call thee brother  
While in deep solitude I grieve.

Thy 'wildering smile e'en now is wrenting  
Round another heart its potent spell,  
And the love tones thou art breathing  
Know'st thou their mission well?

Oh, canst thou ever feign to love her  
As fondly as thou once didst me,  
And will her heart never reproach her  
For trusting one so false as thee?

My sad life is ended neatly  
All my hopes lie crumpled and low,  
Would the one I've loved so dearly  
All my heart's deep pain could know.

Farewell forever! I forgive thee,  
All the wrong that thou hast done;  
May the angels thou hast caused me,  
By none save God and thee be known.

**GEORGE BANCROFT ON JONATHAN EDWARDS.**—At the recent meeting of the New York Historical Society, Mr. George Bancroft read a paper on Jonathan Edwards, the early New England theologian. Mr. Edwards was an only son, and had ten sisters, four of whom were older than himself. At ten years old he wrote a paper ridiculing the idea that the soul is material. He entered Yale College very young. Mr. Bancroft then read an extract from a diary of Jonathan Edwards on the subject of a young lady, the daughter of a minister—Miss Sarah Pierpont—who was afterwards his wife. In the summer of 1726 he received an earnest invitation to become the pastor of Southampton, and in 1727 he took upon himself the duties of that parish. From Jonathan Edwards's love-letters Mr. Bancroft read "Patience is commonly esteemed a virtue, but in this case I think I may regard it as a vice"—referring to the necessary delay he was subject to in meeting Miss Pierpont.

When he was married she was seventeen and Edwards twenty-three. They had three sons and eight daughters. In July, 1731, he delivered his famous lecture at Boston. He gradually obtained the reputation of being the best preacher of the time. After years of difference, in 1750 he was driven away from his congregation, having devoted to it twenty-four years of the best of his life. Subsequently he devoted himself entirely to study. Aaron Burr made him a visit at this period, and soon afterwards married one of his daughters. Thirty-four days after this marriage he died. His last words were, "Trusting God, I need not fear." He was buried at Princeton.

At the end of Mr. Bancroft's paper, Mr. George Folsom rose, and while declaring his admiration for the versatile genius of his "eccentric friend, Mr. Bancroft," which adorned whatever it touched, and which could embellish any side of any question which might be presented for discussion, he was compelled to say that neither the subject nor the discussion appeared appropriate to the occasion. He felt, rather, while listening to the theological observations of Mr. Bancroft, as if he were in the Tabernacle or a prayer meeting, rather than in the Historical Society's rooms. Mr. Folsom also made some remarks as to the unacceptable character of Mr. Edwards to his Northampton (Mass.) parish, by whom he was kicked from town.

At this point Mr. Bancroft rose and said that it was true, but the "kicking" was less creditable to Northampton than to Jonathan Edwards, and Northampton has long since repented her misconduct in sackcloth and ashes. This declaration was received with unequivocal applause, and the thanks of the audience were voted by resolution to Mr. Bancroft.

**OUR SWAMP LANDS.**—A company with a capital of \$20,000, composed of gentlemen from Beaufort, Craven, Greene and Cumberland Counties, says the Washington (N. C.) Dispatch, has been formed within a few weeks, for the purpose of buying up and settling swamp lands in Craven and Beaufort. An enterprising citizen of this County has made within a few months \$10,000, by buying and selling at a small advance these swamp lands, to induce gentlemen to move in and settle near him.—These lands so far have been sold at 4 and 89 per acre. Persons anxious to cultivate rich corn and wheat lands, would do well to look at these lands before going west to see a rich soil.

What is the difference between a soldier and a sailor?

One braves the storm, and the other storms the brave. One mans a bark, the other barks a man.

Shelton in one of his sermons says:—"An upright is always easier than a stooping posture, because its more natural, and one part is better supported than another, so it is better to be an honest man than a knave. It is also more graceful."



## THE BROKEN STRING.

BY SARAH J. C. WHITLERY.

## CANTO V.

Sweetly crept the breath of morn  
Along the freshened plain;  
With its flushed and fragrant dawn,  
The maiden smiled again;  
Through the round and sparkling dew,  
He sought her silent bower;  
Dreaming, in its lazy hue,  
She leaned, the fairest flower.

O'er her white and tintless cheek,  
Swept up the wild-rose dye;  
Shrinking, like a violet, meek,  
She met his smiling eye;  
"Lady, ere the golden light  
Of this fair, sun-bright day,  
Fades, beneath the lids of night,  
I may be far away!"

O'er her soft brown curls, again,  
The azure band he flung;  
"Lady, wake that broken strain,  
Thy harp hath been re-strung."  
Wildly, from her throbbing brow,  
She threw the fluttering string;  
"Nay, my lord, 'twere mockery, now,  
I cannot, cannot sing!"

"Lovely lady, ere we part,  
Mid scenes of joyous day,  
Learn, thou, how a shattered heart  
May wake an olden lay."  
Light, the silver cords he swept,  
And wove a fairy spell,  
With the sobbing notes that wept  
The minstrel's *Last Farewell*.

Farewell—when other eyes, love,  
I love thee, fondly say,  
Read, in their melting eyes, love,  
Of him that's far away!

Farewell—when other lips, love,  
To thine are fondly pressed,  
Amid thy own heart bliss, love,  
Think of this lonely breast.

Farewell—when other arms, love,  
Are wound, in manly art,  
Around thy budding charms, love,  
Dream of this mourning heart.

Farewell—when other friends, love,  
Fade, like the summer vine,  
Here's love that never ends, love—  
My heart and soul are thine!

TO BE CONTINUED.

## The Little Insurgent.

## AN EPISODE OF THE WARS OF LA CHOUANNERIE.

Translated for "The Times" from the French.

BY E. M. ALLEN.

CHAPTER II.  
LA CACHETTE.

Madame de Thelouars had remained a mute spectator of this scene. She had comprehended but one thing: the chateau was surrounded, surrounded, undoubtedly, by republican troops. Now, if she should be taken, she and her son, her fate could not be doubtful. The wife of a royalist under arms, she would have to undergo that conventional jurisprudence, the consequences of which its victims are unable to calculate. Herself, the poor child, would have no better destiny, for the partisans of the Republic, sanguinary by taste, by instinct and by passion, seemed to have acquired an appetite for murdered women and butchered children.

Henriette remained for some moments stunned under the stroke of a sudden terror, then, springing toward the chamber where she had left her son, she snatched him, sleeping, from the hands of Margaret and pressed him convulsively against her heart; then, without saying a word, she ran to find her uncle, to ask his advice.

The Marquis of Graives had peremptorily repeated his order to his people to leave the chateau immediately. The latter, accustomed to obey, hastily made their preparations and sought flight, dragging after them Margaret, who wished to wait for her mistress, and mourned at the thought of abandoning her.

Henriette, during this time, lost in the dark passages of the chateau, could not find her way. She heard the heavy doors open and shut with loud noises, after the servants of Graives, who were fleeing.—Her heart beat quicker. She leaned, trembling, against the walls of a strange corridor; her eyes filled with bitter tears, and, for the first time it was with agony that she kissed the forehead of her sleeping child.

Asshe hesitated, not knowing on which side to pursue her course, one of the extremities of the corridor became suddenly illuminated. Henriette perceived the Marquis of Graives, who was advancing slowly, with a lamp in his hand. The old man was clothed in a rich military costume; his breast was covered with decorations which shone in the distance, and sent back in multiplied reflections the feeble rays of the lamp. Under his arm was a small casket, his left hand held a naked sword, and two richly mounted pistols were passed under his belt.

He thought himself alone, and did not see Henriette who was clinging, immovable, to the wall. At this moment when

no indiscreet eye could watch his countenance, the Marquis of Graives could not, certainly be suspected of playing a role.—He was not like those conspirators of Rome, who wrapped themselves in their pride, and magnificently died, seated in the chair of ivory. Alone with his conscience, he was himself and nothing more. The calm sublimity of his glance sought not the admiration of a friendly or a hostile multitude. Besides, that holy tranquility of the just in the face of death, placed on his brow a sort of aureole which proclaimed the martyr. Henriette was far from piercing the mystery of that pending death; she was ignorant of the design of her uncle; she knew nothing, and yet the sight alone of the old man was to her like a revelation of inevitable destruction. That man was no longer of the world; he saw Heaven while his feet yet touched the earth; he was going toward God, impatient to accomplish a supreme duty.

Henriette was a mother. She thought of her son, and uttered a cry of distress. In the complete absence of all other sounds, this piercing cry vaguely reached the paralyzed ear of the old man. He raised the lamp, and saw the young woman. At that sight his eye-brows contracted.

"I told every one to leave the chateau!" he said sternly; "withdraw, madame!" Henriette mechanically made a few steps to obey; but at the same instant the great exterior door, resounded under a deluge of blows.

"There is no longer, time," she murmured; "in the name of God, my uncle, give an asylum to my child!"

The old man made an angry gesture. "My hours are counted," he said, "I cannot waste them in vain discussions—Go, madame, fly this place, fatal to you, to your husband, and to your child!"

"I cannot," exclaimed Henriette brokenhearted;—"Hark! they are breaking the doors, they are forcing the chateau." A report of fire arms without, interrupted her, and the ruins of a portion of the gallery fell at the feet of M. de Graives. Until then the latter had heard nothing, neither the words of his niece, nor the exterior noise; but the explosion made him start. He comprehended, and his face became clouded.

"Perhaps it would be better for you," said he in a compressed voice, "to brave the barbarity of these men than to come where I am going. But I will not oppose you any longer. On either side peril is certain, fatally inevitable—Will you come or stay?"

"With you? With you!" murmured the poor, fond mother, clinging to the vestments of the Marquis.

The old man, without replying, continued his march. At the end of the corridor, he touched a secret spring in the wall; a massive door turned on its hinges, and revealed a narrow passage through which but one person could pass at a time.

"My ancestors," said he talking to himself, "became Huguenots in the sixteenth century. It was a grave fault.—May God pardon them in his mercy!—They were tracked then, as we are pursued now; the retreats which they made against Catholics, are going to serve a Catholic against the sons of their damnable doctrines.—Enter, Madame, my niece, if you please."

The passage ended by a second door like the first, which opened on a stone stairway. When M. de Graives touched the secret spring of this second door, a gust of damp air rushed from without and almost extinguished the lamp.

"Enter, Madame, my niece," repeated the old man.

Henriette, more dead than alive, staggered as she descended these slippery steps which exhaled an odor as of the tomb. M. de Graives strongly barricaded the door behind him and descended after her.

"In order to discover us," he murmured, "they will have to demolish the chateau—but they will demolish it. Not, perhaps, to massacre a woman and an old man, the labor would be more than the pleasure; but because their souls are avaricious, and because they know how to follow, through the mines, the mistaken scent of a treasure."

Henriette listened, trembling, to these words which were not intended for her. At the foot of the stair way, the Marquis having moved a turning panel which communicated, almost on the same floor, with a low chamber, the young woman entered, and immediately sank, exhausted, on a seat.

The apartment, in which our two fugitives thus found themselves, had been recently furnished with all that is necessary to sustain a blockade. There were provisions in abundance, water, and oil for the lamp. It was evident that the Marquis was not taken unawares. As to the apartment, itself, it was a sort of round-hole, low-arched, built in the more than ordinary thickness of the eastern wall of the chateau. A loop-hole in the form of a funnel, allowed the unfortunate people who were obliged to inhabit this cell to breathe the pure air of the park, it was in fact, on the park, and even the shadiest portion of it that the loop-hole looked. On the exterior it was concealed by the dense foliage of the trees.

The Marquis of Graives placed his lamp on the table and threw around him an almost satisfied look. This look announced a determination so profound and at the same time so devoid of hope that Madame de Thelouars could scarcely sustain herself. She groaned as she lowered her eyes, and commenced swaying little Alain who, awakened by these movements, was wailing piteously.

"All is here!" said M. de Graives, as he opened his ponderous prayer-book at the place where his pious reading had been interrupted; "we have here all that is necessary to live or to die."

He approached the lamp and yielded up his soul to the religious poetry of the holy book.

The Marquis of Graives had been prepared for a long while. For more than a month, ever since his sons had rejoined the little body of royalists, who were endeavoring to raise an insurrection in the country of Ploermel, the old man had expected some armed visit. Besides his minor had a reputation for wealth which could not fail to tempt the upright souls of the agents of the Convention: in these times when there were so many heroes on the frontier the uniform was willingly sallied in the interior. But aside from these reasons for fear, which were common to all the noblemen not yet despoiled, the Marquis of Graives had a special motive for counting on an early attack. The evening before, Pierre-Paul, the confidential valet whom he employed to ferret out the designs of the authorities of the neighborhood, had informed him, that public rumor accused him of concealing an inestimable treasure at Graives.

For a wonder, public rumor was not deceived. Either by accident or through the indiscretion of some royalist, it fell true. A treasure was concealed at Graives.

Those who were acquainted with the habits of the instruments of the Convention, knew that on a rumor of attack, there was just sufficient time for it to reach the suspected place, and nothing more. M. de Graives knew this; and took his measures accordingly. Pierre-Paul was dispatched to gain information; we have seen the result of his last expedition.

We will now see what was the treasure held in deposit by M. de Graives.

A little less than a year before, M. de la Rouarie came to Morbihan, with his friend de Fontevieux, to show to the royalists of this country, the signatures with which the princes, brothers of the King, had invested the documents of the Breton association. There was an assembly of the partisans of the insurrection at the chateau of Graives, whose situation, on the confines of Morbihan and the Ille-et-Vilaine, was particularly suitable for that object. At the end of the deliberations, M. de Rouarie divided into two parts the treasure of the association. He retained a considerable sum in bills of cash on the account of the princes, and deposited in the chateau of Graives in favor of the upholders of the throne the remainder of the bills, some letters of exchange on M. de Botherel, agent of the royal family at Jersey, and a princely obole, a diamond of enormous value.

The bills of cash retained by La Rouarie, which, forwarded to Paris and confided for negotiation to Latouche C..., a physician of Bazouge, caused that denouncer to reveal to Danton the secret of the Breton association.

Be that as it may, ever since that epoch and even after the catastrophe which stifled the insurrection, the royalists of the country between Vannes and Redon were accustomed to regard the Marquis of Graives as the treasurer of the party. Too old to fight in person and looked upon by all as one of those last types of chivalrous royalty, astray in that age of iron, M. de Graives was the man needed by the followers of the King. Devoted, ever to heroism and holding in supreme honor the confidence of his brothers in belief, he had more than once sworn to die before yielding up the deposit placed in his hands.—This deposit largely diminished by the forfeiture of the bills of cash, was nevertheless considerable, on account of the large diamond, whose great value, had as yet prevented its sale.

Proverbs are generally true, and there is a proverb which says: too much good is injurious. The Marquis of Graives expended too much courage in a circumstance where the simplest prudence would have been preferable. He ought, on the first alarm, to have advised the insurgents of Ploermel, and discharged himself of his responsibility, but that responsibility was dear to him, because it carried peril in itself, and, thanks to it, he had a chance to die for the King. When he learned the rumors that were spreading through the surrounding villages, he experienced a feeling which greatly resembled joy, and repeated his oath from the bottom of his heart. During the night he descended to the *cachette*, the secret passage to which was known only to himself and his two sons, quietly made his preparations, and awaited news from the *blous*, reading his ancient prayer-book.

What he had foreseen did not fail to happen. Only, there was a greater number of assailants. They had scented the treasure at Vannes and at Redon; they

came at once from Redon and from Vannes.

The casket that the Marquis of Graives had brought under his arm, contained the diamond of Conde, some papers of the association, and a piece of the true cross, a family relic which the old nobleman would have as unwillingly yielded to profane hands as the treasure itself.

With our two recusers the night passed in silence and in sadness. The child awoke from time to time; he was cold, Madame de Thelouars looked at him then with weeping eyes and thought of her husband.

"If he knew where we were!" she murmured.

But these words were only a mean and not the expression of a hope. The wildest imagination could not from this moment, conceive of a means of communication with the insurgent of Ploermel. An hour before the thing was possible. One word, pronounced by the old nobleman, would have transformed the servants into as many emissaries, but that word he did not wish to pronounce. His devotion going beyond heroism to arrive at monomania, tended obstinately to martyrdom.

This thought of martyrdom caressed perhaps during long months, thronged itself despotically in his mind too tyrannical to be lucid, it overshadowed all reasoning. M. de Graives did not see or did not wish to see that an end was necessary to every sacrifice and that useless martyrdom is only a sublime error;—but God keep us from untimely censure of such weakness. It is too rare to be dangerous, and our age has no need of a curb to moderate the exaggeration of generous instincts.

What we have wished to establish is that M. de Graives believed himself obliged by honor to die by the centred deposit.—Whether or not he deceived himself, he thought only of being at his post and of fulfilling a strict duty.

The noise from without was no longer heard. The revolutionists had, undoubtedly entered the chateau. They were searching. During the whole night the silence of the *cachette* was not interrupted, but as soon as a whitish line began to mark the narrow opening of the loop-hole, and announced the coming day, Madame de Thelouars heard again with dismay the regular and distant blows. It was like the sound of pick-axes attacking a strong wall.

The old man was without his hearing trumpet. No sound reached his ear. He continued his reading.

But soon, the efforts of the demolishers, unceasingly redoubled, produced a violent and periodical concussion. M. de Graives raised his head and listened; then, after being certain that he was not deceived, he left his seat and opened a sort of recess in the wall. From this recess he drew out a barrel of about half a foot in diameter, and a match made of tow and sulphur, both of which he placed on the table.

Henriette looked on his actions with indifference, for she did not know what the barrel contained.

"If they push on right," murmured the old man, "they will find us in less than an hour; if they turn aside a single foot, they may work for two days before reaching us." And he added with a sigh: "That will be very long!"

But as he pronounced these words, his glance fell on Madame de Thelouars, whose head was leaning on her bosom. Fatigue had overcome the young woman, her eyes were closed for a moment, and her inclining forehead touched the blind-locks that crowned the brow of little Alain.

The visage of M. de Graives expressed the most profound commiseration.

"Poor children," he thought. For the mother and son were equally children to him; his age quintupled that of the young woman.

He made a violent effort within himself and turned his eyes from this group, the sight of which softened his heart. He could pity, but he could not waver in his design, because duty commanded, and for a hundred years M. de Graives had been obedient to duty.

He raised the lid of the barrel, stirred the contents with the point of his sword, and forcibly introduced the little casket; that being done he placed the match by the side of the lamp.

"The first stone that falls," said he, "will be my signal.—Ah! it would be a glorious moment but for that woman, why has she come to embitter the joy of my last hour!"

At this moment Henriette started and awoke. The child began to smile, stretching its arms toward the loop-hole, M. de Graives to avoid seeing this spectacle, which overcame him, resumed his book of prayers.

Henriette arose gently and approached the opening; little Alain was still smiling.

Without, under the thick branches of the trees of the park, a soft, child-like voice was singing one of those popular songs familiar to every native of Vannes. M. de Graives heard nothing and continued his readings.

"Janet!" pronounced Madame de Thelouars in a low tone, as she tried to pass her head through the loop-hole.

The voice stopped singing.  
"Janet Legoff!" repeated Henriette.

"Who calls?" said the voice with an expression of unquiet astonishment.

Before Henriette could reply the clicking of a pistol was heard under the foliage. Immediately the sound of hurried and precipitated steps was echoed on the park, and the voice, distant now, continued its song with an accent of bravado.

TO BE CONTINUED.

## Ellen.

BY JULIA SOUTHWELL.

The poplar waves its golden crown  
Through all the Indian-summer day;  
The oak its ruby leaf drops down  
Upon the grave of Ellen Ray.

A purple glory fills the air:  
The woods are bright with Autumn's dyes,  
And falling chestnuts, ripe and scar,  
Are darkly brown, like Ellen's eyes.

All fearless sports the squirrel here,  
Within the boughs above her head;  
The watchful lizard need not fear—  
His panting will not wake the dead.

Her dwelling now, with roof so thin,  
Is matted o'er with ivy dried,  
And dusky bats flit out and in  
The lonely room where Ellen died.

The roses that she loved to train  
Have died by her deserted door;  
They will revive with summer's rain,  
But Ellen Ray will wake no more.

And weeds have choked the path she made  
Down to the spring, so clear and cool,  
The timid hare is not afraid  
To drink beside the dimpling pool.

The black-snake's glittering coil may shine  
Beneath the rose-bush drooping there,  
Whose milk-white blooms were wont to twine  
In Ellen's braids of dark-brown hair.

Their golden plumes the poplars wave,  
The red oak-leaves drop softly o'er,  
Like coral tears upon her grave,  
But Ellen Ray will weep no more.

## CHANGE.

BY OSCAR.

Who, when after years of wandering has not felt the chilling throbings of his heart, when returning to his childhood's home he has found himself a stranger, amid scenes of life's brightest joys. The old school-house around whose venerable walls he used to wander with a band of chosen playmates has passed away. Even the trees under whose protecting branches he used to sit at noon have all been cut down, and not a single object remains as it was years, years ago. Where now are the friends of my youth? Alas! some took up the cross of life to drink, sipped for a moment its bitter contents, then laid it gently aside and went to heaven. Others have gone forth to battle with fortune in foreign lands, but none can say "they are as pure as ere they knew of sin."

Oh! how pleasant to sit at evening in some sequestered spot—a spot made dear, by past associations and be alone, "to let the soul lean in dreamy rapture on the past," and think of happy days past and gone forever; but then, what sorrow fills our breast when we think of the past in relation to present! Then all was bright and joyous. Our future heaven of promise was not marred in its stainless beauty by a single cloud of disappointment. We looked on life as a pleasant dream, through the bright chimera of sunlit souls, but ah! what a change is there now. Our souls from stainless purity has become the home of passion. Clouds of disappointment have blotted out our fairest prospects. Our best actions have by evil tongues become our worst. Oh, what a change! No longer do we look on earth as clothed with the smiles of spring, nor on life as a ceaseless round of pleasure. No, we now look upon it through the gloomy vista of years of disappointment, sorrow and of misery. Then hope pictured time's lofty summit upon whose towering height victory should wreath our brow with unfading laurels. Now experience teaches 'twas all a bright dream and points in mockery to the wreck of our most cherished hopes. Then, a mother bowed in loving tenderness over our sleeping pillow and a father's love was ours. That mother has now blessed her son for a last time and that kind father has left earth for heaven.

Oh, that child-hood's brightest and stainless pleasures could last forever, or that he who has drenched life's bitter cup could die and be at rest.

An honest dame in the town of—  
standing beside the corpse of her deceased husband, bewailing in "pitious tones" his untimely departure, observed, "It's a pity he's dead, for his teeth are as good as they ever was."

"This world is all a fleeting show," said a priest to a culprit on the gallows. "Yes," was the prompt reply; "but if you've no objection, I'd rather see the show a little longer."

President Buchanan has gone to Wheatland, Pa.



# THE TIMES

## GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

### Positive Arrangement.

Subscribers receiving their papers with a cross mark are notified that their subscription will expire in four weeks, and unless renewed within that time their names will be erased from the mail book.

TERMS—\$2.00 a year in advance.

No paper sent unless the money accompanies the order, nor will the paper be sent longer than paid for.

Specimen copies sent gratis, on application. Address, COLE & ALBRIGHT, Greensboro, N. C.

### To Newspaper Dealers.

The Publishers of THE TIMES will make very liberal terms with Newspaper Dealers throughout the South for supplying them with copies of THE TIMES for 1860. Dealers are respectfully solicited to send us their names, and in return we will send circulars and terms.

**FATAL DUEL.**—Much excitement is manifested in reference to the duel near San Francisco, California, 13th ult., in which Hon. David Broderick, formerly U. S. Senator from California, was killed by Judge Terry. Broderick fell at the first fire, the ball of his antagonist having pierced through his lungs. He lingered in intense agony for three days, when death terminated his sufferings. The greatest excitement prevailed in consequence of the fatal result. Judge Terry was unhurt.

**THE LECTURE FRIDAY NIGHT.**—We hope our citizens will give a full turn out to the lecture Friday night before the Greene Monument Association. Besides the Lecture by Dr. Caruthers, important matters will be presented to the friends of the proposed object of the Association. The Lecture is to be delivered in the Methodist church.

**CADET PARADE.**—The Cadets of Temperance of Philadelphia were to make their ninth annual parade on Monday last. There were thirty sections to participate and the line, it was thought, would number about 8000 Cadets.

By some mishap to Tuesday's Mail, the bags were quite empty due at this place; and among the missing matter are the Washington and Raleigh correspondence of the Times, usually so punctual in their weekly arrivals.

**MRS. LOUISE ELEMJAY**, a southern authoress of some celebrity, is now in our town with copies of her books. Mrs. Elemjay has been much afflicted, and her great energy and perseverance should meet with encouragement among our people. Mrs. Elemjay will remain at the Britain House a few days and would be pleased to see as many of the ladies and gentlemen of the place as feel disposed to call.

**THE DEATH OF HON. JOHN Y. MASON**, our minister to the Court of St. Cloud, is announced in the foreign advices published this week. Mr. Mason, it appears, died suddenly of apoplexy, an affection of which he had a serious visitation a year or so ago, but had so far recovered as in the meantime to give full attention to the duties of his important mission. He was a native of Virginia, in which State he had held high trusts, and was appointed Minister to France by President Pierce, which post he has held ever since. He had previously, under the administration of President Polk, been Secretary of the Navy, succeeding the Hon. George Bancroft, in September, 1846, when that distinguished gentleman resigned the post. During Mr. Mason's sojourn in France, where he had been accompanied by his family, all Americans visiting its capital have testified to his efficient courtesies, while his diplomatic services have generally been regarded as able and befitting a representative of the United States.

**LYNCH LAW IN KENTUCKY.**—Jerome Culver was killed in McLean county, Ky., last week, by a slave. The murderer was arrested, seized by a mob and hung on the spot.

### Wars, and Rumors of wars!

Several of our most influential Northern Exchanges contain dispatches from Washington manifesting much of a Warlike tendency. They predict a War with no less than three powers, viz: England, Mexico and China. The Dispatch to the N. Y. Herald, says:

"It is understood that the British Minister, Lord Lyons has received a peremptory and important dispatch from his Government demanding explanations from our Government of the course of Gen. Harney in the San Juan affair, to which the Secretary of State is preparing a reply, which will indicate fully our rights, and doubtless cover the ground of the controversy to the satisfaction of the American people."

A dispatch to the Times says about China:

"Official advices from Mr. Ward, under date of July 1st, state that he had sent a steamer with a written communication to the point named by the Chinese, but no one was there to receive it. Several men went ashore, and, having penetrated the country, barely escaped with their lives. They were chased even into the waters. The communication was, however, left for the Chinese officials, but, doubtless, was never delivered. Mr. Ward had no hope whatever of the ratification of the American Treaty, and placed no confidence in the promises of the Mandarins. Mr. Ward's conduct in the late fight at Taku, meets with the entire approval of the Administration."

In reference to Mexico, a dispatch to the same paper says:

"The dispatch from New Orleans announcing that a body of Mexican guerrillas had taken Brownsville, has created profound excitement in official quarters; and to-morrow (the 12th) the Cabinet will consider the propriety of sending a sufficient force to the Rio Grande not only to protect the captured town hereafter, but to carry the war into Mexico and there to punish the marauders. Some members of the Cabinet think it humiliating that Fort Brown had to be garrisoned by Mexican soldiers to protect American citizens. Others say war actually exists, as American blood has again been spilled upon American soil."

**FRONTIER DIFFICULTIES.**—There seems to be an increasing insufficiency in the military effectiveness for peace and protection in the West. Recent advices from San Antonio say:—Gen. Twiggs has responded to the call for aid to be sent to Brownsville, Texas, against the Mexican banditti, that he has not enough men at his disposal to drive the Indians from the frontier, and can do nothing. The ranches on the Texas side of the Rio Grande have been abandoned on account of Indian depredations, and the citizens of San Antonio are raising two companies of rangers. Other places are raising volunteers, on account of General Twiggs' inability to protect the country.

**MORTALITY AMONG INDIANS.**—An arrival at St. Joseph, from Sioux City, announces a terrible malady among the Omaha Indians, some fifty of their number having died recently. The Indians think it is the effect of eating the meat of the buffalo, affected with bloody murrain. The Indians had thrown away all the meat of the one thousand buffaloes which they had put up for winter use, and were preparing for another buffalo hunt.

### MARRIED.

L. C. WINCHESTER, of Guilford, to Miss Mary E. PICKARD, of Alamance, Sept. 15th.

J. A. BOLTON and Miss LYDIA A. WHEELER, all of Guilford, September 20th.

Z. HIATT and Miss JULIA A. WHEELER, all of Guilford, September 22nd.

N. H. COFFIN and Miss SARAH A. STUART, all of Guilford, Sept. 27th.

R. M. STAFFORD and Miss M. L. SAPP, daughter of N. H. Sapp, of Guilford, Oct. 13th.

ALEXANDER McRAE and Miss MARGARET A. McCALLUM, in Robeson Co., the 4th Oct.

Mr. J. J. EVANS and Miss MILDRED, daughter of O. Holmes, Esq., of Wilmington, the 7th Oct.

W. A. ROBBINS, Esq., of Brunswick Co., and Miss MOLLIE J. HORTON, of Lenoir Co., in Wilmington, the 4th Oct.

JAMES OWEN and Miss DEBA ANN WHITE, in Greensboro, Oct. 18th.

Rev. THEODORE WHITFIELD, of Danville, Ky., and Miss ANNA, daughter of Hon. James T. Morehead, in Greensboro, Oct. 11th.

Dr. ENOCH AGNEW, of Marion Co., Florida, to Miss ELLA WATERS, of Abbeville Dist., S. C., Oct. 10th.

Mr. BURNELL BOBO, of Spartanburg, and Miss LOU DRUMMOND, of Laurens, S. C., 25th Sept.

Mr. MARTIN HENDERSON and Miss ELIZABETH McDANIEL, all of Laurens, S. C., 22nd Sept.

EVERETT SMITH, Esq., of Wayne Co., and Miss MARY MCGINNIS, in Greensboro 18th Oct.

### New Advertisements.

#### Rates of Advertising.

The Times is one of the best mediums for advertising in the South, but only a few select advertisements will be inserted. One square of ten lines (for 100 words) for one week \$1.00; for each additional week fifty cents. In favor of standing advertisements we make the following liberal deductions:

	3 MONTHS.	6 MONTHS.	1 YEAR.
One square,	\$ 5.00	\$ 7.00	\$12.00
Two squares,	9.00	14.00	22.00
Three "	12.00	18.00	30.00
Half column	20.00	30.00	50.00
One column	34.00	50.00	80.00

Professional and business cards, not exceeding five lines—per annum.....\$5.00

#### COMMON SCHOOLS, GUILFORD COUNTY.

Full Dividend, 1859			
Dist.	Amt.	Dist.	Amt.
No. 1	\$69.75	No. 28	\$111.00
2	65.19	29	79.05
3	86.19	30	145.32
4	76.26	31	81.84
5	110.07	32	82.77
6	71.61	33	111.60
7	91.14	34	132.06
8	65.03	35	60.45
9	77.19	36	148.80
10	85.54	37	100.44
11	65.10	38	139.95
12	53.01	39	44.64
13	51.15	40	58.59
14	61.38	41	47.43
15	46.50	42	111.60
16	45.57	43	85.49
17	51.15	44	61.15
18	67.80	45	71.61
19	40.92	46	71.61
20	39.99	47	51.15
21	69.75	48	99.51
22	59.52	49	44.64
23	120.90	50	138.57
24	83.70	51	39.99
25	72.54	52	95.79
26	68.82	53	65.10
27	94.86	54	99.51

In my absence from Greensboro Mr. Jesse H. Lindsay will attend to my business. On Saturdays I will be there myself.

NATHAN HIATT, Chairman.

Oct. 15, 1859. 42-4w

### ARTISTIC ATTRACTION.

**GREAT PREMIUM OFFER!**  
**ELECTIC MAGAZINE.**  
Any person who will send us a new subscriber to the Electric Magazine, his own name or any other, with the pay for one year in advance, shall receive by mail post-paid, either of the following beautiful Parlor Companion prints. The Plates cost twelve hundred dollars. They are new, engraved by John Sartain, whose price was to be \$5 the pair. He writes:

"I have bestowed the utmost care and pains in the execution of these engravings; and the length of time employed upon them renders \$1200 a moderate estimate."

**FILIAL AFFECTION—SUNDAY MORNING.**

The print bearing this title represents a scene in front of a farmer's homestead, and in the distance, viewed through the open gate, is a church; while on the road between, are groups obviously tending thitherward. The party in the foreground are engaged in preparations for departure towards the same heaven pointing spire; and a beautiful girl of about seventeen summers, awaits, Bible in hand, by the garden gate, holding it open for the egress of the family, and smiling on the infant. The mother, still handsome, attends on the aged grandfather, adjusting with affectionate care a kerchief to protect him from cold; while he, seated upon a donkey, supports the youngest child in front of him. Three other children are occupied, one in sport with a dog, and the older ones in receiving instruction from the farmer himself, who is seated by the doerstead. An aged oak spreads its protecting arms over them all.

**HOME SCENE—RETURNED FROM MARKET.**

The market-cart has returned from the town, bearing a rich freight of purchases to the delighted young people, who are receiving them with eagerness. The farmer's wife, not yet descended, has, with one hand, passed a gay new bonnet from the open bandbox on her lap, to the miss in her teens, whose ecstacy of admiration is unmistakable. The other she extends, with a bright new rattle, to the youngest darling, who, with joy, seizes ready to spring from the arms of its fonding grandmother. The old gentleman, seated in the piazza, is in the act of adjusting his spectacles for the immediate perusal of the fresh newspaper spread on his knee; while the small boy and his sister are diving into the mysteries of the basket of new crockery, and other household gear, for gingerbreads and other delectable condiments. The farmer is seen carrying a heavy basket up the steps of the porch. In the shadow which it throws we see coming events, for there pussy stealthily moves down on a brood of chickens, so young as to be very like eggs.

Around are all the various concomitants of a farm. The doves coo on the eaves, the turkeys and other poultry are about, and there, too, is "the iron-bound bucket that hangs by the well," while through the open house-door we see into the comfortable and well-supplied kitchen. This mansion colonade presents a strong resemblance to Mount Vernon, with Washington sitting on the piazza, reading the paper.

This is an easy mode of obtaining two beautiful engravings worth \$5, and the Electric Magazine, which is confessedly the best magazine published, and the most beautifully embellished every month. It ought to be in every intelligent family. The September number begins a volume. Now is a good time to subscribe. September 1st, 1859.

### TERMS.

The Electric is issued on the first of every month. Every number contains one hundred and forty-four large octavo pages, double columns, on fine paper, neatly stitched in green covers, with one or more beautiful Steel Portraits by Sartain. The twelve numbers comprise three volumes of six hundred pages each, with titles, indexes, and embellishments. Price, five dollars. The postage is only three cents a number, pre paid, at the office of delivery. Specimen number, forty-two cents, postage stamps.

Send your orders. Address,

W. H. BIDWELL,

No. 5 Beekman st., N. Y.

JOB WORK NEATLY EXECUTED.

### \$50.00 SEWING MACHINES.

The QUAKER CITY SEWING MACHINE Works with two threads, making a double lock stitch, which will not rip or unravel, even if every fourth stitch be cut. It sews equally as well, the coarsest Linsey, or the finest Muslin, and is undeniably the best machine in market. Merchant Tailors, Mantua Makers and House Keepers, are invited to call and examine for themselves.

Mr. P. A. Wilson, Merchant Tailor, Winston, N. C., having tried other machines, buys one of the Quaker City, and pronounces it far better than any before in use. All persons wishing to secure the agency for the sale of the Quaker City machine, in any of the towns of North Carolina, except in the county of Wake which is secured to Messrs. Tucker & Co., of Raleigh, and the county of Forsythe, taken by P. A. Wilson, of Winston, should apply soon to the undersigned, agents for the State. We will pay a reasonable percent. to all persons taking agencies.

J. & F. GARRETT, Agents. Greensboro, N. C., Feb. 2nd., 1859.

### HOWARD ASSOCIATION, PHILADELPHIA.

Altruistic Institution established by special Endowment, for the Relief of the Sick and Distressed, afflicted with Virulent and Epidemic Diseases.

In times of Epidemics, it is the object of this Institution to establish Hospitals, to provide Nurses, Physicians, Clothing, Food, Medicines, &c., for the sick and destitute, to take charge of the orphans of deceased parents, and to minister, in every possible way, to the relief of the afflicted and the health of the public at large. It is the duty of the Directors, at such times, to visit personally the infected districts, and to provide and execute means of relief. Numerous physicians, not acting members of the Association, usually enroll their names on its books, subject to be called upon to attend its hospitals, free of charge.

In the absence of Epidemics, the Directors have authorized the Consulting Surgeon to give Medical Advice Gratis to all persons suffering under Chronic Diseases of a Virulent character, arising from abuse of the physical powers, mal-treatment, the effect of drugs, &c., when they apply by letter or otherwise, and, in cases of extreme poverty, to furnish Medicines free of Charge. It is needless to add that the Association commands the highest medical skill of the age, and will furnish the most approved modern treatment.

The Directors of the Association, in their late Annual Report express the highest satisfaction with the success which has attended the labors of their Surgeons in the cure of the worst forms of Chronic Diseases, and order a continuance of the same plan for the ensuing year. They feel confident that their efforts have been of great benefit to the afflicted, especially to the young, and they have resolved to devote themselves, with renewed zeal, to this very important but much despised cause. Various Reports and Tracts on the nature and treatment of Chronic Diseases, by the Consulting Surgeon, have been published for gratuitous distribution, and will be sent Free of Charge to the afflicted.

Address, for Report or treatment, DR. J. SKILLIN HOUGHTON, Acting Surgeon, Howard Association, No. 2, South Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

By order of the Directors, EZRA D. HEARTWELL, Pres.

GEO. FAIRCHILD, Sec.

June 11—1y.

### WASHINGTON HOTEL.

Change of Proprietors.

Broad street, Newbern, N. C. JOHN F. JONES, Proprietor.

The undersigned respectfully announces to the travelling public that he has taken charge of this old and popular establishment, and is now prepared to accommodate travellers and private families with board by the day or month on the most accommodating terms.

His TABLE will always be furnished with the best provisions that home and foreign markets can afford.

The Washington Hotel has large rooms, is nearer the Depot, the Court House and the business streets than any other in the city.

An Omnibus will always be at the Depot and Landing on the arrival of the cars and steamboat to convey passengers to the Hotel free of all charge.

By stopping at this Hotel passengers will have ample time to obtain meals.

Having also a large and commodious Stable and an excellent OSTLER, he is fully prepared to board horses by the day, week or month at the most reasonable rates.

JOHN F. JONES.

January 1st—1y.

### LOOK TO YOUR INTEREST! NEW GOODS

at Boone's Boot and Shoe Emporium. I am now receiving and opening the largest stock of Boots and Shoes ever offered in Greensboro.

My stock consists of Ladies', Gentlemen's, Misses', Boys', Youths' and Children's Boots, Shoes and Gaiters, of every variety, style and price; Negro Brogans, Leather, French Calf-Skins, and Shoe findings of every description. All of which will be sold at prices that defy competition. All I ask is a trial to convince you that it is to your interest to buy of me.

Terms cash. J. B. F. BOONE.

October, 11. 41-

### SOMETHING NEW!

Misses', Boys', Youths' and Children's Boots and Shoes with Metallic tips. One pair will last as long as two or three of the ordinary make. To be had at BOONE'S.

October, 11. 41-

### LOOK AT THIS.

W. C. DONNELL having purchased the Photographic Gallery, formerly owned by R. L. Donnell, is taking pictures at

**Fifty Cents**

and upwards! Having just received a large and well assorted variety of cases, he respectfully invites the Public generally to call and examine specimens and give him a trial, and if he does not please he makes NO CHARGE.

Room second Story Garrett's Brick Building, West Market, Greensboro, N. C.

Greensboro, 1859. 38-1y.

### HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE.

I desire to sell my House and Lot, situated in a desirable place in Greensboro.

Terms reasonable. Enquire immediately of

Aug. 20—1f GEORGE M. ADAMS.

### COMMERCIAL.

#### GREENSBORO MARKET, Oct. 19

Reported expressly for the Times

By Cole & Amis.  
Bacon 12@15; Beef 4@5; Beechwood 25;  
Butter 15 @; Coffee 12@15, Candles, Tallos 20  
@25, Adamantine 28@30, Sperma 40@45;  
Corns 0@1.00 Meal 0@1.00; Chickens 10  
@15; Eggs 10; Feathers 40; Flour  
5.00@6.00; Flaxseed 0.80; Hides, green 5,  
dried 10; Hay 50@60; Lard 12@15; Molasses  
35@40; Nails 6@7; Oats 35; Peas,  
yellow 75@80, white 75@1.00; Pork 8.00@  
8.50; Rags 24@; Rice 8@9; Salt 2.25@  
2.50; Sugar, Brown 10@12, loaf 15, crushed  
15, clarified 15; Tallow 12@15; Wheat  
80@1 00, Wool 25@30.

#### NORFOLK MARKET, Oct. 13.

Reported expressly for the Times.

By Rowland & Bros., Commission Merchants.  
Flour, Family \$8.75; Dried Peaches, 40lbs. 7  
" Extra 6.00; bu packed 5.00@5.50  
" S fine 5.25@5.50; Bacon, shlders 9@1  
Corns, W & M 90@92; do, Sides 11@11  
Wheat, white 1.00@1.30; Lard, No. 1 14  
" Red 1.00@1.12 " 2 13  
Peas, B. eye 1.22@1.25; Staves, R.O. hhd 35.0  
Flaxseed, 1.30; W.O. pipe 50.00  
Beechwood, 33; do hhd 43.00  
Dried Apples, 7 bu. of do bbl. 28.00  
28lbs 1.80@1.40

#### REMARKS:

FLOUR is quiet but holders are firm at our quotations, cash receipts are rather larger again, and we hope soon to report renewed activity.

**DRIED FRUIT.** The small advance in apples quoted last week is about all lost again, and they close dull—there have been no sales to-day—and we quote them dull nominally \$1.30 to 1.35.

**PEACHES** all kinds excessively dull particularly unpooled some sales at \$1.75 and even at that it excites no demand.

CHARLESTON, Oct. 15th.—Cotton from 9@

11@.

MOBILE, Oct. 14th.—Cotton, middlings 10@.

NEW ORLEANS, Oct. 14th.—Middlings, 10@.

@10@.

### Professional Cards.

GEO. W. COTHRAN,

ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR,

at Law, Lockport, Niagara County, N. Y.

105-4f.

CALEB G. DUNN,

ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR

at Law, 80 Nassau St. New York.

Will promptly and faithfully attend to business entrusted to his care. Particular attention paid to the collections of claims.

J. W. HOWLETT, D.D.S. | J. F. HOWLETT.

J. W. HOWLETT & SON,

DENTISTS, Greensboro, N. C.

1-1y.

J. W. EVANS'

NEWSPAPER, MAGAZINE

and Cheap Book-Store, 10 Pearl Street,

Richmond, Va.

Subscriptions received for the Times.

GEORGE T. WHITE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

CITY OF JEFFERSON, MISSOURI.

Will attend the different COURTS held at the Capital, and in the adjoining counties.

Also, to the collection of debts, and persons who wish to have investments made in the West, may be assured, that his long acquaintance here, would enable him to make selections greatly to their advantage.

JACOB T. BROWN,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

HIGH POINT, N. C.

Will attend to any business entrusted to his care. 111-1y

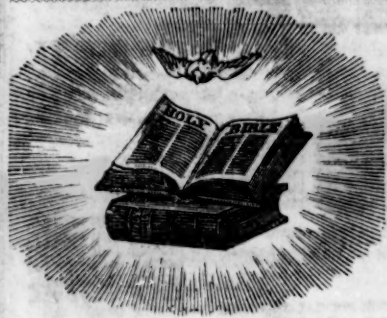
JOHN W. PAYNE,







## Children's Department.



EDITED BY W. R. HUNTER.  
"THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND."

Dear Children.—Read what the Missionaries tell us about the

FAINS THE HEATHEN TAKE TO GET TO HEAVEN.

They are very great; they are continued unremittingly during life; they are sometimes exceedingly painful and expensive, and in most, if not all cases, they are done with the utmost sincerity. The heathen expect to reach heaven by their good works, and as most of them have an idea that it is a place of happiness and freedom from pain, they take no little trouble to secure this abode of joy, and are not at all ashamed to have it known that this is their object. Inasmuch as the Evil One, who leads these pagans captive in his toils, knows that all their efforts to secure heaven will fail at last, the impression and full convictions that heaven is not to be obtained by good works is not at all disturbed in their minds. It is a kind of reproach to Christians to hear of the immense sums lavished on idolatrous festivals and temples by the rich in heathen lands, and compare them with the small contributions of those who "have been bought with a price." But if the latter believed they could reach heaven with money, plenty of it would be expended. The heathen does not give his money, nor afflict himself, without an object; he does not throw his child into the Granges, nor himself under the wheels of a car to be crushed, without an adequate conviction that the price is commensurate with the object. The series of idolatrous ceremonies required by the ritual of paganism is so minute, too, that religion mixes itself up in everything, and the presence of idolatrous symbols in the house and by the way, at the temple and in the shop, everywhere recall this great object of life.

It is estimated that about four hundred millions of dollars are annually expended in China for religious purposes, such as the erection and repair of temples, worship of the dead, and expense of festivals; and when the object, the ultimate object of the outlay of this large sum is sought out, it resolves itself into a desire to secure happiness and heaven after death, and avoid misery. In most, the desire to avoid suffering is perhaps paramount, but either side of the motive—to reach heaven, or avoid hell—amounts to the same thing. What an impelling motive must that be in the human breast, which constantly urges our fellow-men in pagan countries, even on the slight dictum of another as ignorant as themselves, to make the sacrifices they do to reach heaven. We see, too, when Christianity loses its vitality in the mummeries of formalism, the same principle is exhibited, and good works are piled on each other—money, time, sufferings, prayers, forms—all are lavished, in endless variety, to win the golden prize. The proverb, "As face answereth to face in water, so does the heart of man to man," is herein exemplified.

As soon as one begins to press home to a Chinese mind, for instance, the atonement of Christ, and belief in him the only means of winning this prize, he balks at there being nothing to do, no works to perform, no penal ceremonies to go through. "Confucius taught us," he says, "not to lie nor to steal, nor to kill, and to obey our parents; and he was a holy man; why do you only say, believe in Jesus? How shall one believe in Jesus?" Here the power of man stops; for God the Spirit alone can teach the poor soul how to believe in Jesus. Few have got so far as to ask this question and this great mass of human beings, "living without God and without hope in the world," are taking so much pains to get to heaven by performing good works, that it is a tacit reproach to these people in Christian lands who know that this happy land cannot be reached by this road, and yet hardly

think of the urgent call there is for them to reflect, to see them thus earnest and pains-taking. It is a serious thought, that of the millions of Chinese who will be found on the left side of the Judge at the last day, (more of them than of any other one nation by far,) almost all of them took great pains, spent much money, and thought much, to get to heaven after death—and all missed their object for ever.

It is a sad thought too dear children that thousands in this Christian land prize the Bible, which tells us so plainly how we may get to heaven, so little. But that is not the case with all for there are some who love the Bible, yes even among little children, as you will see when I tell you what a dear little boy, only five years old, once said to his mother. He loved her very much, and was very often upon her knees, with his arms round her neck, kissing her, and telling her how very much he did love her.

His mother was a Christian. She loved Jesus, and served him, too; but she was tried and afflicted. I need not say what the affliction was, but it was very painful. It made her eyes weep and her heart ache.

Little Willy—for that was his name—saw that his dear mother was in a great deal of trouble, and he tried to comfort her. And you must know that he, though very young, loved and served God, as well as his mother and, because they were both Christians they loved one another very much.

How could he help loving so kind a mother; and how could she help loving so kind a child? For what do you think he said to her one day, when she had been crying? He said to her, "Mother, you are in great trouble; but you must look to God." Another time he said to her, "Now let us get the Bible, mother; that always comforts you."

You see, dear children, that little Willy was a loving child, and that he loved his Bible so much, as to recommend it to his mother.

## "ASLEEP! ASLEEP!"

On one occasion, when in Scotland, Mr. Simeon was preaching, and was led to speak of the tremendous consequences that might attend carelessness in a minister of the gospel. He introduced the case of a light-house keeper, who had allowed the light to go out in his watch-tower. The consequences were visible the next morning; the coast was covered with wrecks, and the bodies of the dead floated to the shore. Everywhere were heard the wailings of the widows and orphans, and public indignation burned against the delinquent, who was summoned to his trial.

The day of trial came, and the delinquent appeared, and heard the indictment. We cannot give it at length but it was to the effect that he had caused the death of very many, and filled the cup of hundreds more with tears. The court was crowded with eager listeners, and with the yet more deeply interested widows and orphans all of whom held in their breath when the judge asked the prisoner, what he had to say in defense of his conduct. The prisoner, amid an audience intensely anxious to catch up the defense which might be supposed to be offered for so great a crime, gave answer by stating that "he was asleep at the time."

"Asleep! Asleep!" rang through the court, the crowd involuntarily giving utterance to their amazement. Such a cause for such a catastrophe! Widows, and orphans, and friends weeping in bitterness over their dead all because the man indulged himself in thoughtless sleep!

I cannot tell what the sentence was. But any sentence man could pronounce was a poor expression of indignation at guilt like this!

What are we to conceive may be the trial and the doom of the teacher, whom parents and others supposed to be one who would, every Sabbath show those committed to his care the harbor of salvation, and warn them off the rocks of perdition, but who could content himself with lazily and indolently occupying the post without doing the duty? "Asleep, teacher! asleep!"—*Scottish Sabbath School Teachers' Magazine.*

"Are you nearsighted, Miss?" said an impertinent fellow to a young lady who did not choose to recognize him: "Yes at this distance I can hardly tell whether you are a pig or a puppy."

## USEFUL INFORMATION

CULLED AND ARRANGED FOR THE "TIMES."

An immense store of rich knowledge is about in the world, scattered in paragraphs and odd corners of nearly every monthly, weekly and daily periodical, and which, if collected together, edited and properly arranged, would form a volume of useful information, invaluable to the man of science, the professional artist, the man of the pen, the farmer, and the house keeper.

## GUTTA PERCHA.

In its crude state, Gutta Percha has no resemblance whatever to India Rubber, nor are its chemical or mechanical properties the same, nor does the tree from which it is taken belong to the same family of trees, or grow in the same soil; yet, from the fact that it can be dissolved, and wrought into water-proof wares, many, not informed upon the subject, have inclined to the belief that the two materials are identical, or very nearly the same. But nothing could be more erroneous, as may be seen by the following comparisons:

Gutta Percha is produced from the Isonandra or Gutta tree; is a sap of a brownish color which, when exposed to the air, soon solidifies, and forms the Gutta Percha of commerce. It is a fibrous material, much resembling the inner coat of white oak bark, is extremely tenacious, and without elasticity or much flexibility; may be melted and cooled any number of times without injury for further manufacture; is not injured coming in contact with grease or other fatty substances; resist the action of sulphuric, muriatic, and nearly every other acid; is a non-conductor of electricity, as well as of heat and cold. When exposed to boiling water it contracts and becomes soft like dough, when it may be moulded into any desirable shape, which it will return when cooled; has an exceedingly fine oily grain, and is not an absorbent, but a perfect repellent of water.

India Rubber, or Caoutchouc, is produced from a milk white sap, taken chiefly from the *Strophocarya Cahuca* tree, which soon coagulates, when the latex is pressed out, or dried off by heat—the residue is the India Rubber of commerce. It is of a soft gummy nature, not very tenacious and astonishingly elastic. When reduced to a liquid by heat it appears like tar, and is unfit for further manufacture. By coming in contact with grease or other fatty substances it is soon decomposed, and ruined for further use. If brought in contact with sulphuric, muriatic, and other acids it soon chars it. It is a conductor of heat, cold, and electricity; exposed to the action of boiling water does not lose its elastic properties, increases in bulk and cannot be moulded; is not a perfect repellent of water, but more or less absorbent.

The term "vulcanized" is applied to fabrics of Gutta Percha or India Rubber, which have been cured or tanned, by submitting them to a high degree of artificial heat; the object being to change the nature of the gum, so it will not afterward be affected by heat and cold. Gutta Percha is vulcanized for the purpose of giving it elasticity and pliability, and is entirely free from unpleasant odor; will not decompose and become sticky under any circumstances. When exposed to friction it wears away dry; is still a non-conductor, and by vulcanization is not injured in its incomparable repellent properties.

India Rubber is vulcanized to reduce its elasticity, and give it more firmness than is natural to the crude material.

## Useful Receipts.

FOR SCRATCHES IN HORSES.—Take a heaping table-spoonful of powdered alum and burn it slowly. Fill a quart bottle with one part beef brine, one part alcohol, and one part urine—into which place the burned alum, and wait for the latter to dissolve thoroughly. Wash the fetlock joint carefully with warm castile soap suds, and then bathe the parts with the above described decoction. We have tried it often, and it never fails to effect a cure.

If the heels are hot and swollen, apply a poultice of the following: 4 lb. powdered slippery elm, 2 oz. fine salt. Mix in hot water, and when cool spread a portion of it on a cloth, and bind it on the affected parts. If the horse is in poor condition, I recommend the following: Powdered gentian, do, sassafras, do, sulphur, do, ginger, fine salt, 1 1/2 oz. each; oatmeal, 1 lb. Mix; divide into twelve parts, and give one in the food night and morning.

HOG CHOLERA.—The Petersburg Intelligencer says the following recipe, now for the first time made public, may be relied upon as a specific for the hog cholera. It has been fully tried and tested on the hogs of a gentleman of Amherst, Va. The remedy was given in all the varied stages of the disease, and uniformly cured in every case. It will not be impossible, after all the fruitless efforts hitherto made to find out a remedy for Asiatic cholera, that this one accidentally suggested by a young lady to her father in Amherst, Va., and which was successful in curing the terrible disease—cholera:

"Recipe.—Beat up an ounce or more

of assafetida, and add say to an ounce a pint of whiskey or other kind of spirits, and give to the hog two table-spoonfuls; it produces an immediate relief, and speedy and permanent cure. The effect which this drench had on the hogs spoken of was to cause them to vomit the most disgusting and loathsome mass of matter conceivable from the stomach, when an immediate reaction took place and the hogs were soon entirely well."

SCOURS IN HORSES.—A correspondent furnishes the following: "After trying almost everything, I have cured bad cases of scours in a colt by the following means: One to two spoonfuls of laudanum and ten to fifteen grains of tannin mixed with rain water and used as an injection."

## Salad for the Solitary.

Will be brush-wood, Judgment timber: the one gives the greatest flame, the other yields the durablest heat; and both meeting make the best fire.

QUESTIONS.—In "The Times" of the 8th, Marcus solves the questions proposed by A. E. H. Pataula, of Georgia, sends solutions also to each question, which are the same as published from Marcus. We have room for a few more questions, if questions there be.

## "Should a Body Meet a Body."

If a feller catch a feller carrying off his wood, should a feller whale a feller if a feller could?—*Germantown Emporium.*

If a body catch a body stealing his "old rye," should a body kick a body till a body cry?—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

If a body spy a body creeping round his lot, should a body treat a body to a load of shot?—*Norwich News.*

If a body catch a body stealing his Express, should a body seize a body and try to get redress?—*Petersburg Express.*

If a body wants a body his store to patronize, should a body pay a body money to advertise?—*Lynchburg Express.*

If a body see a body appropriate his hat, should a body kick a body just for doing that?—*Star.*

If a body catch a body stealing all his chickens, should a body lick a body like the very dickens?—*Centre Democrat.*

If a body should hear a body say, "I pay my printing bill," would a body stare at a body for such an expression of will?—*Maryland Sentinel.*

If a body catch a body stealing all his corn, should a body make a body wish he wasn't born?—*Jonesboro Gazette.*

If a body spy a body "totin'" off his goose, should a body flog a body like the very deuce?—*Mt. Vernon Star.*

If a body ask a body to take the country news, should a body to a body say, "I beg you me excuse"?—*Home Journal.*

If a body meet a body who never read The Times, should a body ask a body to "shell out" the dimes?—*The Times.*

## "THORTS ON A FADID BOKA."

BY MR. SNOOKS.

"In lookin' over my trunk one da, I lit onto an old boka, Immedittly thorts come into my hed & thus to the boka I sed—

Poor dried up thing, what made yu fad & rinkle up like a old maid,

What made yu lize yore sweet perfume, Which yu had 'bout the middel of Gane.

Alas what a lossun in yu lize, To all who see yu with thare ize.

But most of all, shud the fare seek Learn wisdom from yu I expeck.

There fumes so plump and fare to see, Like dadd roze leaves will dryde up be.

Thare sholders which tha show to orl, Will then be kivered with a shorl,

Thare roun bare arms so very white, Wil then be hid clean outer site;

& various uv these man killers, Wil be conseled by phyne mantillers!"

A RUSE.—One of the Secretaries of State for the U. S., struck out a good mode of getting rid of an intruder in a particular case.

It appears that the door-keeper of the Secretary's office was remarkably obliging, which proved quite the thing for a rabid office-seeker, who managed to get in every day and bother the Secretary. When the annoyance continued for three or four days, the Secretary stepped up one day to the door-keeper, and asked if he knew what that man wanted.

"Yes," replied the functionary, "an office, I suppose."

"True; but do you know what office?"

"No."

"Well then, I'll tell you, he wants your place."

The next morning the scene between the office-seeker and the polite door-keeper is said to have been rich, from the peculiar manner in which the intruder was informed,

"The Secretary is not at home."

What machine is sometimes seen in a ball room? A spinning-jenny.

## Business Cards.

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